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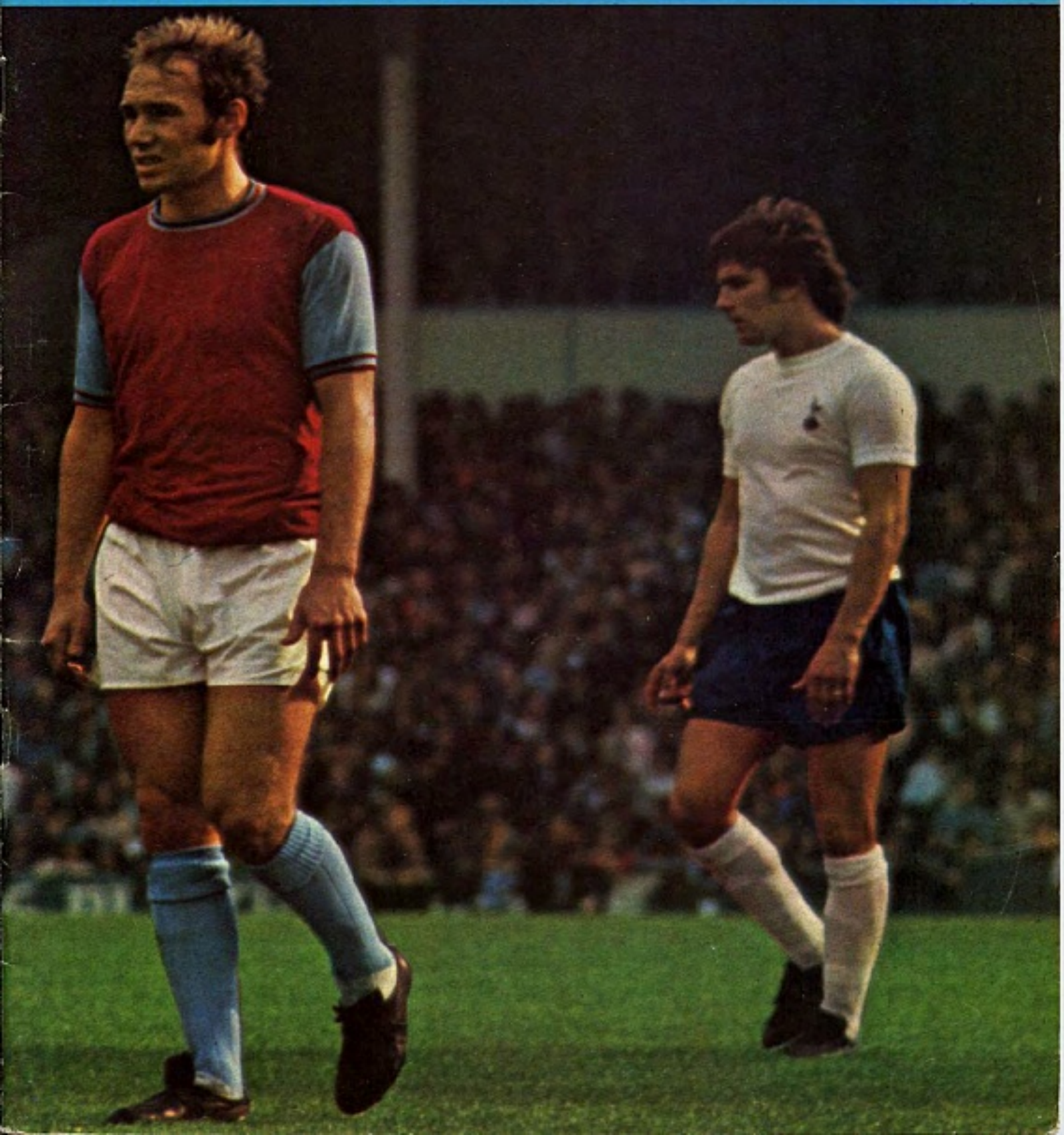
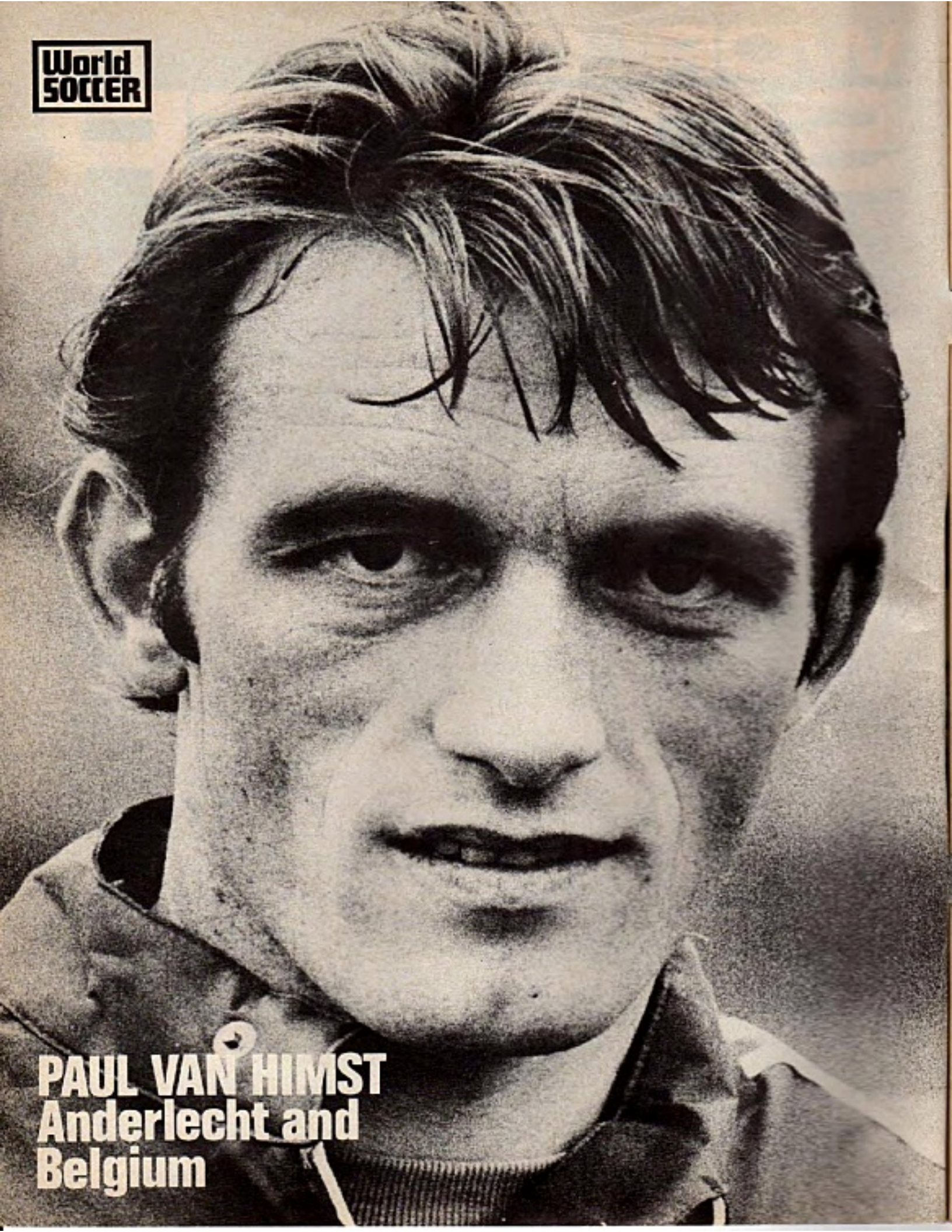
WORLD SOCCER

The *INTERNATIONAL* Magazine

MARCH 1973




World SOCCER
PAUL VAN HIMST
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WORLD SOCCER
incorporating SOCCER STAR
The INTERNATIONAL Magazine

79 TEMPLE CHAMBERS - LONDON EC4
Telephone: 01-353 5688

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MARCH WORLD SOCCER, 1973
VOL. 13 No. 6

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WORLD SOCCER (incorporating SOCCER STAR) is published monthly by Websters Publications Ltd., 79 Temple Chambers, London, E.C.4, England. Situated at this address are the magazine's Editorial, Advertising and Publishing offices. Printed by The Chesham Press Ltd., Chesham, Buckinghamshire. © Websters Publications Ltd. Registered at the Post Office as a newspaper.

Ipswich—a credit to their manager

ONE of the more pleasing features of the current English season has been the rise to a position of some prominence of Ipswich Town. While the so-called big clubs—Arsenal, Liverpool and Leeds United—have attracted much of the publicity generated by the championship race, Ipswich have kept in touch and quietly maintained a strong challenge for the title.

Bobby Robson, their admirable manager, has achieved much since he took over at the delightful Portman Road ground. He was treading on hallowed turf, of course; this was the club that made the name of Alf Ramsey (as he was then) famous throughout the land.

After Ramsey's departure to the more imposing surroundings of Lancaster Gate, Ipswich had a few years in the doldrums. Robson, a former England international during a playing career that took in Fulham and WBA, arrived at a time when dressing room discontent was not unknown at Ipswich.

The spirit there now is second to none. Robson has built a splendid side, without having to resort to regular use of the cheque book. He has brought on some outstanding youngsters who could make a significant contribution to the England teams of the future. A visit to Portman Road, because of the tasteful Suffolk environment, was always a pleasure. Now it is even more so, with Ipswich Town producing the football to match.

It may well be that one of the big-clubs will still annex the major crown; but anybody who suggests that Ipswich is a back-water of the First Division is talking through his hat.

FRONT COVER PICTURE

Featured on our front cover this month are two of the English season's outstanding players. Bryan Robson has proved a consistent goal-poacher for West Ham and must be on the verge of a place in the England squad. Steve Perryman of Tottenham Hotspur has played a vital role in taking his club to the Football League Cup final, where they face Norwich City this month.

ENGLAND MUST DO BETTER

ENGLAND'S goal famine did at least come to an end with their 5-0 victory at Hampden Park against Scotland. There were encouraging signs about the England performance but all is not suddenly cured for Ramsey's side. Scotland were pathetic; England took full advantage of the icy conditions and made the most of their chances. Allan Clarke, belatedly back in the fold, and Mike Channon were great improvements on Rodney Marsh and Kevin Keegan. But . . . the Scots didn't defend as Wales did at Wembley and as Poland most assuredly will, too. England have yet to prove that they can score against retreating defences. And one is bound to ask why Clarke and Channon haven't been tried more frequently. Scotland, with vital World Cup matches against Czechoslovakia just around the corner, must feel gloomy. They desperately need a good goalkeeper and a well organised defence. England, although they have a long way to go, at least know they have fewer problems than the dispirited Scots. What a way to celebrate a birthday!

ENGLAND'S uninspired and sub-standard display against Wales at Wembley has cast still more doubts on their ability to qualify for the 1974 World Cup finals. Poland, the third team in group 5, have already won the Olympic title and represent strong opposition.

Make no mistake, the situation for England is now a serious one. The Poles are quite capable of beating Wales in Cardiff this month; and are unlikely to let the Welsh off the hook in their own country. If Poland glean maximum points from those two games, England will have everything to play for in the ultimate tie at Wembley (unless the English FA decide on a switch of venue) on September 26.

Performance

If Wales can snatch a draw against England, there is every reason to suggest that Poland, a better side than the Welsh, will emulate that performance. Poland will defend just as ruthlessly as Wales and unless England discover how to find a way through packed defences, we could kiss goodbye to our World Cup hopes before the year is out.

Wales defended stoutly last month but their task was made that much easier by England's characteristic, by now almost traditional, stereotyped tactics. England's three strikers, for the most part, wailed within a few feet of each other for aimless high crosses from either flank. It is all very well blaming messrs Marsh, Chivers and Keegan, but the sort of service they receive is pathetic.

Trio

They manage to score goals consistently for their clubs . . . why not their country? Ball, Bell and Hunter form a hard-working mid-field trio but there is no real flair, no improvisation, no real ability to prise open a packed defence.

It is time England took the field with far better preconceived ideas of how to go about their task. The argument that you cannot expect players from a number of different clubs to weld together doesn't really hold water. Other countries, Brazil among them, manage it.

It is true that some nations draw most of their players from three or four clubs. West Germany rely to a large extent on players from Bayern Munich and Borussia Monchengladbach . . . but that doesn't mean Netzer and Beckenbauer don't hit it off.

Language

I remember sitting in a deserted White City stadium in 1963, watching a collection of the world's greatest footballers training and preparing for England's Centenary match against the Rest of the World. There wasn't even a common language to bond the players into a collective unit. The trainer, Reira, was a Chilean; there was a Russian, a Brazilian, a Hungarian, and so on. But, within a matter of minutes, they looked as though they had been playing together all their lives.

And, surely, defensive tactics are nothing new to any of the England players. They face packed defences in league matches each week; and Clemence, Hughes, McFarland, Hunter, Chivers and Keegan have all played in Europe this season . . . where negative play is not exactly unheard of.

There were times when some of the England players seemed embarrassed against Wales; Moore and McFarland once

Wales goalkeeper Gary Sprake is beaten by a shot from Norman Hunter during the England–Wales match at Wembley. This was England's only goal.

A shock opening goal for Wales . . . John Toshack is the scorer with England's Bobby Moore, Roy McFarland and Ray Clemence powerless to prevent it.

resorted to a succession of short passes to one another, but they had little alternative. In the end Moore lobbed a high ball into the Welsh penalty area, just about the only thing that was 'on' for him at the time.

England don't even look dangerous at set-pieces. Ball is not a good corner taker and none of the countless crosses fired at the Welsh defence set up any sort of chance for England. If all the England players can do is pump high balls into the opposing penalty area, they might at least get someone like Cyril Knowles of Spurs along to give them a few lessons.

Re-think

It is time for a drastic re-think on the part of Sir Alf Ramsey and if he is not prepared (or capable) of changing his tactics he should make way for someone who is. Ramsey didn't have any selection problems for the Wales game; no withdrawals (other than the third choice goalkeeper) and yet the best England could manage was a 1-1 draw against one of the world's weaker nations. If it hadn't been for a glorious shot by Norman Hunter—a chance that didn't come about as the result of any praiseworthy England approach-work—England could be facing greater task.

I would like to see changes in the England team, but unless there is a different policy adopted by Sir Alf, will other players fare any better? It is certainly time Colin Todd was reprieved by the FA and pitched straight into the team alongside McFarland.

Effective

The Derby centre half had an uncomfortable time against Wales but that was a rare blemish. He is the best man for the job, and still more effective with Todd around. Bobby Moore, as I have argued before, should be released to a more attacking role.

by PHILIP RISING

He is a better all-round player than Hunter, with two good feet and the ability to direct play in either direction. Personally I think a place should be found for Allan Clarke, too. It is sad that he hasn't yet made his mark at international level; injuries and club calls have restricted his opportunities in the past.

But Clarke makes space for himself and others better than most of the English frontrunners . . . and England desperately need someone with the intelligence to come away from their shadows. And what about Peter Osgood? Another who's not had a happy relationship with Sir Alf, but he has genuine skill, good control and an instinct for goals.

Pointless

It would be pointless playing either Clarke or Osgood if they would be expected to do little more than stand around waiting for high crosses. Given the right sort of service, they would provide the England team with a much better complexion.

It is difficult to envisage Ramsey making many changes for the Poland games. Experience, it must be agreed, is a valuable asset but I'm sure Todd and Co wouldn't slip into much bother.

Unfortunately, I don't think they'll get the chance.

ENGLAND'S LAST NINE MATCHES

England 1, W. Germany 3 (Lee)
W. Germany 0, England 0
Wales 0, England 3 (Marsh, Hughes, Bell)
England 0, N. Ireland 1
Scotland 0, England 1 (Ball)
England 1, Yugoslavia 1 (Royle)
Wales 0, England 1 (Bell)
England 1, Wales 1 (Hunter)
Scotland 0, England 5 (Clarke 2, Channon, Chivers, Lorimer o.g.)

FACTS . . . England have scored just eight goals in their last eight matches. Only three (Lee, Royle, Marsh) of those goals have come from the strikers. Midfield players (Bell 2, Ball, Hughes, Hunter) have scored the others.

QUOTES

(after England's draw with Wales)

TREVOR HOCKEY (who played against England):

"Who would expect a squad of supposedly ready-made qualifiers for the World Cup finals to plod along in such a stereotyped way. England need three things: fresh ideas, some new players, and attackers playing wide."

MALCOLM ALLISON (writing in the Daily Express):

"England ground to a halt at Wembley . . . and we can be very precise about who has taken them to this point of breakdown. It is Sir Alf Ramsey, the man who just doesn't know how to attack.

"If this was Brazil, or any other football nation totally committed to success in the World Cup, heads would be demanded—and given—after the display of tactical bankruptcy against Wales.

"Ramsey's Wembley formation of 4-4-2 was a slur on all of English football and an absurd, comical, over-estimation of Welsh strength. Detach all blame from the players. I saw them after the match and I doubt if I ever witnessed such concentrated frustration.

"Ramsey sent them out with a plan which would not, could not, work."

ROGER MACDONALD'S SOCCER NOTEBOOK

FIFA rev and drop

'Had they persisted in their policy, it seemed more than likely that all the African countries would have resigned from the Federation'

WITH undignified haste, FIFA appear to have dropped a very hot potato indeed at the last moment, when they reversed their decision to allow their member countries to compete in this month's amateur South African Games. For had FIFA persisted in their controversial policy, it seemed more than likely that almost all the African countries would have resigned from the International Federation, and that they would have received considerable support from elsewhere.

South Africa, of course, were expelled from FIFA several years ago largely because of their racial policies—although one felt it was a decision of the FIFA Congress somewhat reluctantly executed by the Executive Committee. At any rate, last January, this same Executive Committee, after a postal vote, agreed to allow foreign teams to visit South Africa for the express and exclusive purpose of playing in what they had been led to believe was a multi-racial tournament.

When the South African FA received the FIFA decision by cable on January 26, they immediately confirmed their provisional invitation to England, West Germany and Brazil to take part in the tournament in Pretoria in March.

Serious

However, within a matter of days, it soon became apparent that the decision had been received with sheer disbelief elsewhere in Africa, and that at least two of the three countries involved had serious misgivings about taking part.

The West German FA issued a statement in which they elaborated on the difficulties of participating in a competition of this kind in the middle of the season, an accurate if slightly dishonest explanation of their decision to withdraw. In Brazil, meanwhile, the FA Tours Committee, after announcing a date on which a team to play in Pretoria would be selected, found themselves upstaged and over-ruled by the Brazilian FA President, Joao Havelange, who said that under no circumstances would a Brazilian team be going.

It was easy to see why Dr. Havelange, in particular, was acutely sensitive to international opinion. He remains the only credible candidate outside Europe for the next presidency of FIFA, and with Sir Stanley Rous likely to stand only if he is virtually assured of victory, the position is very much in the balance. Had the black African members, at present all potential votes for Havelange, become alienated by Brazil's decision to compete in South Africa, the Brazilian FA President would have had little chance of taking over from Sir Stanley.

Enthusiastic

Even England, apparently unperturbed by the implications of sending a team, were slightly less than enthusiastic. Mr Denis Follows, the FA Secretary, said that he was by no means convinced that the decision of FIFA's Executive Committee was constitutional, a view held by a not inconsequental number of uncommitted members.

At any rate, within a fortnight of breaching the South African sports blockade, FIFA swiftly sealed up the gap with a second telegram to FASA, informing them that they had withdrawn permission for foreign countries to take part. The South African FA Treasurer, Dudley Zagnon, and George Thabe, President of the South African Bantu FA, immediately telephone Dr Helmut Kaeser, FIFA's Secretary in Zürich, to see if there was any prospect of reversing the decision a second time.

Sanction

Dr Kaeser told them that there was no chance of obtaining FIFA's sanction, although he was quite unable to satisfy the South African officials that the sudden change of mind had any plausible explanation. The FASA President, Dave Marais, said he had explained at great length at the last FIFA meeting in Paris exactly how the tournament was to be run, and that the Executive Committee had been fully in possession of the facts when they made their original decision.

However, the misplaced zeal of FASA and Bantu officials to provide their members with international opposition may have led them to exaggerate the degree to which their government had shown a change of heart. In the first place, the South African games, of which this football tournament was to be a major event, were multi-racial only in certain sports, and the different races were certainly not going to be permitted to play in mixed teams. Indeed, it was by no means certain that the South African Government would permit their FA to select four ethnic teams—black, coloured, Indian and white—for the tournament, despite the fact that trials for the teams had already been started.

Negotiations

Sir Stanley Rous's position during the negotiations remains unclear, although in the past he has appeared in favour of various fruitless attempts to bring South Africa back into the fold. It may be that he put pressure on his own Executive Committee to reverse their decision when he saw its potential repercussions. But it seems extraordinary that as astute a politician as Sir Stanley could fail to see the consequences of becoming embroiled in this kind of controversy, because the black African members are bound to identify him with the Executive's folly. It could even lead to Dr. Havelange taking over as president and winning a race in which, up till now, he has always appeared a doubtful starter.

verse decision a hot potato

BIZARRE DISPUTE

AUSTRALIA'S prospects of reaching the finals of the next World Cup could depend, in some small part, on the outcome of a bizarre dispute involving one of their newest internationals and a Scottish football club.

The player is Bobby Hogg, who, hardened Scots may recall, played without distinction for Stenhousemuir in the Scottish Second Division. Hogg emigrated to Australia, joining the St. George club of Sydney, where he improved sufficiently to be chosen for his adopted country in a recent match against Bulgaria.

Unfortunately Stenhousemuir, perhaps seeing a potential transfer fee slipping through their fingers, claimed that Hogg was still registered in Scotland. So it has now been left for FIFA to settle the dispute, although on previous occasions the decision has usually gone in favour of the adopted country.

MAGYAR MALAISE

THE Hungarian FA Secretary, Sandor Petri, has resigned after only one year in office—largely in despair, it seems, at ever solving the present malaise in Magyar football. Petri himself was appointed in quick succession to Janos Boerszei, the scapegoat for Hungary's poor showing in international competition.

Now the job has gone to Jozsef Krizsan, a government civil servant in the Ministry for Sport, which if past competence among ministries is anything to go by, bodes ill for the future of the country's football.

But at least Mr. Krizsan starts the task without any pre-conceived ideas, and indeed without being associated with the inter-club rivalry and petty intrigue that has dogged the domestic game for so long.

Joao Havelange, with Sir Stanley Rous, President of FIFA.

"It is easy to see the problems," he observed in his first interview, "the standard of play is very low in championship games, and we get very poor crowds as a result. In fact there is so little interest in the domestic programme that our leading teams are preparing for the new season with games in Yugoslavia and Czechoslovakia, because it is more economic.

"Clearly until we have faith in ourselves, we cannot hope to raise the standard of Hungarian football, and I shall be talking to all the clubs to discover ways of raising morale.

Governing

"But I have no easy solution for our difficulties. What we must do is avoid this constant changing of personnel, both in our national team and in our governing bodies, which only carries with it loss of prestige abroad. A player will not give his best for his country if he expects to be picked only once."

Sensible, if scarcely optimistic remarks from Mr. Krizsan, although the cynic might suggest that pleas for stability are a way of feathering his own nest before the cold chill of failure blows in his direction.

GERMAN BRIBERY

THE German FA bribery case drags on and on. Another 11 players have been suspended for three or four months for their part in the affair, all of them past or present members of Eintracht Braunschweig.

Ditmar Erler, said to be the ringleader, was banned for four months and fined 2,200 marks. Another seven players — Jaro Deppe, Bernd Gersdorff, Klaus Gerwien, Wilfried Grzyb, Peter Kaak, Eberhard Haun and Frank Merkhoffer — were suspended for three months and fined the same amount, equivalent to some £260.

The same penalty went to three former Eintracht players, now transferred — Hans Deller, Horst Wolter and Rainer Skrotski — in each case for accepting money to lose a vital league match against Arminia Bielefeld during the closing stages of the 1970-71 season.

TIME TO LOOK BEYOND ST. ANNES?

by BRIAN GLANVILLE

UNAVOIDABLY, one must talk again about a European League; in some form or other. The present crisis in football is world wide, and defies any signal explanation. When I spoke recently to Sir Stanley Rous, he laid stress on the lack of personalities, the influence of the motor car and of television, the tendency of young people to practice non-team, non-competitive sports. At approximately the same time, I spoke to Helmut Schoen, the manager of the brilliant West German international team, about the severe slump in Bundesliga attendances. Despite the profusion of goals, stars and successful results by the international team, average attendances at that point were about 17,000, while on the Christmas Saturday, they had fallen to a wretched 14,000.

Schoen thought that there was no single, simple explanation for the decline; he spoke of uncomfortable stadiums, of television, of the recent scandals of corruption in the *Bundesliga;* though even these, he thought, were of no more than contributory importance.

He lamented the fact that whereas huge crowds had watched a recent Italian *Serie A* programme which produced only eight goals in its eight games, the *Bundesliga*, which was producing so many goals and so much good football, was poorly supported; so it was not, he smiled, a question of larger goals, or smaller goalkeepers.

He remarked that it might be more than coincidence that the two most successful clubs, drawing the largest crowds, were those with the finest, most modern stadiums; i.e. Bayern Munich and Fortuna Dusseldorf.

My own conviction is that the problem is a world wide one, for even in Brazil, crowds are considerably down. In Italy, the position is hard to assess, since the massive gate receipts—the record has been broken again and again this season, most recently at Inter-Juventus—conceal the fact that actual numbers have fallen away. Prices have risen vertiginously to make up for this, for the moment, and the unexpected success of Lazio, the early success of Roma has been in no small measure responsible' for the size of the crowds.

If the problem is global, then the solution must at least be Continental. My colleague Leslie Vernon was correct to ridicule the passage in the Football League's manifesto which disparaged European football, and spoke in vague, confused terms of it as a "treadmill." A golden treadmill, surely, and the possible salvation of the professional game. For given the tendency of football as a spectator sport, can anyone truly believe the game has a hope of continuing as it is?

Proposals

The other Saturday—a day of bleak weather, it is true, and of a number of cancellations the biggest crowd in the Second Division was 12,000, at Brighton. The fatuity, the inadequacy, of the Football League's present proposals are implicit in those figures. I am still convinced that within a decade, it will be necessary to zone the Second Division, let alone the Third and the Fourth.

European football has often, though not, it must be conceded, invariably, given the domestic game a transfusion of interest, attendance and money. For some years I was in favour of a European League involving several divisions, with promotion and relegation. That this would be impracticable is something I have become convinced about subsequently.

As Schoen said to me, with feeling, your could not take Bayern Munich and Munchengladbach out of the *Bundesliga*. A few years ago, when Franco Carraro, now President of the Centro Tecnico Federale of Italian football, in Florence, was President of Milan, he said much the same thing about his own club, Juventus and Inter, who were between them responsible for most of the largest "gates" in the League.

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Football League secretary Alan Hardaker at his desk.

It is, therefore, quite clear that some means must be found of integrating domestic and European League football, of reconciling a consistent, regular programme of European matches with that of the national championships.

At present, we have three European tournaments, of which only one is truly integral, organic, unassailable. That, of course, is the European Cup, contested by League champions. The UEFA Cup is a hybrid of hybrids, a competition for which you are virtually nominated by your League or Federation. Its history and genesis tells all, for until last season it used to be the Fairs Cup, and it was initially limited to cities which put on an annual trade fair! You might just as well, the French cinema director Louis Malle once observed to me, confine it to cities which had bordellos.

Passionate

The Cup Winners Cup is not, in that respect, much better. How many countries possess a Cup which is really and truly contested? England, Scotland, Spain, France, perhaps West Germany. Elsewhere by some strange freak of national character, Cups are not the passionate and dramatic things they are in these islands. In Italy, for example, the Cup is sheer marginalia, a thing of midweek and the early season.

These facts are reflected in the poor attendances one often gets for matches played in the two, junior European competitions. In England, it almost seems enough to say "Europe" for the public to come flocking; but when Inter recently played their return leg against Vitoria Setubal at San Siro in the UEFA Cup, eight thousand were all who watched it.

I have no inflexible plans, merely suggestions to act as a basis for discussion; preferably within UEFA. It seems to me that all national First Divisions could and should be reduced to a complement of sixteen at the maximum; the number they have in Italy, and from which they are suicidally backing away in England. Three carefully grouped divisions might then be formed, based respectively on the European Cup, the Cup Winners Cup and the Fairs Cup or UEFA Cup, in descending order.

Promotion

Ideally, the contestants would play some eight or ten matches each, then play-off on a quarter-final basis. Some kind of promotion and relegation might be engineered; alternatively, the championships could start afresh each season, on the basis of positions gained in the national leagues.

The present proposal by the Football League, and its largely obscurantist chairmen, that promotion and relegation should be increased, is palpably ridiculous. If there are already too many clubs in the First Division, if there are already several which quite obviously are not of sufficient calibre, what on earth is the object in making it easier to get out of the Second Division?

Mr. Alan Hardaker hasn't many years left to run as Secretary of the Football League. He is, with all his faults and virtues, a figure from another, pre-European, age, one who from the very first bitterly opposed European football, and who, when he came to it at last, backed wildly mistaken enterprises such as the Anglo-Italian tournament.

• Some means must be found of integrating domestic and European League football... •

That tournament is now on trial; one's own proposals seem to have been accepted and implemented. Whether they will be of any use or whether the competition is beyond hope and redemption remains to be seen.

But the Football League, for its own good, its own ultimate survival, cannot afford its insular stance, its poverty of ideas. Mr. Hardaker's successor will have to look a long way beyond Lytham St. Anne's; just as the League's reactionary chairmen, that depressing body, will have to shake themselves out of a coma of provincialism far, far deeper than Mr. Hardaker's: for their own good, their own, ultimate survival.

INTER'S TURN TO COLLAPSE

ITALY
by PHILIP EVANS

IT has been a miserable month indeed for Internazionale. From four games, three of them at home, they can point merely to two draws. To lose away to Bologna need not be deemed a disgrace—after all, Pesaola's team beat Milan a few weeks earlier. And the way Lazio have played during various stages in the season might have prepared one for a drawn result.

But of the other two home games, the first was lost to Lanerossi Vicenza, the other drawn against Sampdoria; and neither can be deemed teams of even moderate talent. Such results suggest *nemesis* indeed.

To keep the Greek moving along in midfield, the truth is that Inter's *hubris* of recent seasons has often courted high danger. Like empires, successful football clubs have to appreciate the need for humility, the recognition that change at the right moment always brings results. And too often Inter have failed in this.

The championship win of two seasons ago appears to counter the argument, in fact merely served to push truth into the background. Boninsegna that year was an impossibility; Corso played like the veritable *mancino di Dio*—the left hand of God—that he can be in midfield. It was not a two-man show. But the euphoria that followed Heriberto Herrera's dismissal perpetrated and perpetuated negative thinking.

High talent has always tended to breed arrogance, the sensation that success is something bestowed from on high rather than something earned from on earth. The present Inter team are reaping that particular whirlwind, unable to overcome tactical and technical deficiencies that have manifested themselves this season.

Psychosomatic

For all his frequent psychosomatic illnesses, Jair was a winger who at his best could turn a defence quickly, provide Boninsegna with the pinpointed cross. For all *his* unhappinesses at Inter, Pellizzaro another who could perform that trick.

In this respect, Inter came badly out of last summer's transfer market. Moro, Massa, Doldi, Magistrelli—good lads one and all. But they are to a name players who needed the chance to settle down, to play the way they knew in surroundings of peace and tranquillity. At Inter, no chance. Which has, in effect, left the club without adequate reserve strength.

Arguably, the player Inter miss most is Frustalupi, now doing such a fine job for Lazio. I remember seeing him play three or four seasons ago for Sampdoria, and outstandingly sensible he was then. With Corso aging and slowing, and despite the realisation that Frustalupi is no spring chicken, he was one player who never let Inter down during the two seasons he was on their books.

It's easy to be sensational. But if Inter insist on living by the sword, they must expect to die by the sword. There are many games to go yet but as I write Inter are four points behind the leaders, with Bedin and Bertini playing atrociously, Bellugi injured, and too much falling onto Mazzola's shoulders. I'm not putting money on them, for one.

Vanguard

Those leaders are Juventus and Milan—which makes pre-season prognostication look good. More of them later. Just a pause to say that the third of my tips, Cagliari have taken thirteen points from their last eight games, and but for their miserably self-doubting start would also be up there in the vanguard. That start, you will remember consisted of six points from the first ten games—so much more pitiful in retrospect. Now *il giuoco c'e*, it seems.

After having scored a goal a game over some Sundays, Altafini failed to maintain the record, but Juve continue to look strong. I have a fanciful wager that they will win the European Cup—sentiment overcoming reason and not for the first time. But they put their game together well, that team, always have someone interesting on the substitute's bench, and will run through to the bitter end.

Milan have coaxed goals out of Chiarugi, which is an achievement indeed, and are also running well. Rivera continues to have a bold season, his scheming ever penetrative and his goals a necessary antidote to Prati's continued unhappiness. That forward line continues to average more than two goals a game; surfeit indeed in such a famine. On a recent Sunday, of only nine goals tucked away, three were scored from penalty kicks, another seconds after a penalty, and a fifth was blatantly fisted home *a la* Lee by Boninsegna (in that drawn game with Lazio).

Lazio themselves continue to be the season's most interesting team, playing well ahead of their on-paper strengths, and playing directly at that. They slipped up against Juventus to a goal by Bettega and were held at home by Fiorentina. But they outplayed Inter over vast stretches of their game and annihilated Napoli. They're good in the middle of the field, competent at the back, but despite Chinaglia's weighty presence in front always appear to need another strong front-runner. A goal a game is no sort of respectable average for a team in third position in any league.

Fiorentina lost at home to Inter, drew that away game with Lazio and scored goals against lowly Sampdoria and Verona. Despite my earlier trumpet-blast, Antognoni has been seldom seen—the reason being that if the boy is anything he is an embryo *regista*, and while De Sisti remains his opportunities in such a guise must necessarily be limited or circumscribed. De Sisti is playing well enough to be touted again for the national team—good in theory, but not a suggestion that answers any long-term questions. And Clerici continues to tuck goals away happily.

● Continued on page 48

Personal Opinion

by LESLIE VERNON

Relax, it's the Press who are the culprits...

RELAX boys, everything is O.K. with football! The UEFA Committee who have been trying to find ways and means of breaking the defensive deadlock, can now be disbanded. The chairmen's meeting in London was an unnecessary waste of time and money, the world-wide investigations for a solution may be discontinued.

Gordon Lee, manager of the much-admired Port Vale F.C., has found the answer and has put the finger on the guilty men—the football writers. Mr. Lee says that it is bad publicity which created "the alarming gulf that exists between clubs and the paying public".

He writes in the League Review: "The game's good points are hidden and completely overruled by bad publicity. Frankly, I am not interested in the number of bookings and sending-offs, arrests and trouble spots. If I had a belated New Year's wish, it would be to stifle the pens of those who can write nothing but wrong about football. I hope they stop and think next time they pick up their poisoned pens."

Scapegoat

It had to happen, of course. After all, the usual excuses had been exhausted, a new scapegoat had to be found. Mr. Lee is perfectly right. I myself witnessed Geoffrey Green of *The Times* viciously tackling an opponent from behind, Desmond Hackett swearing at the referee, and Brian James handling his ball-point pen deliberately.

It is the journalists who wreck trains, stab visiting supporters, throw toilet paper rolls on the pitch, refuse to sit ten yards from a free-kick, and commit diabolical tactical fouls. Most of them are trained ventriloquists who use the managers as their dummies, and through them give instructions to the players which are contrary to the spirit of the game.

Suppressed

Port Vale has impeccable credentials. They played against West Ham in a recent cup tie so scandalously that the usually placid Ron Greenwood had to wait three days to calm down and tell the full story to the reporter of 'The Hammers' local paper. "I wanted our supporters to know what happened. We were intimidated outrageously—even Bobby Moore was frightened. They were trying to kick us off the park."

Well, dear Mr. Lee, how is that for creating gulfs and giving football a bad name! Should we have suppressed this information or have written the truth first as Greenwood saw it, then as you did? You might not be interested in the arrests, trouble spots, or the number of bookings. But the police are, and the clubs must be, because they are losing players through suspensions. I for one will give my poisoned pen a rest, and supply fellow scribes with a new-style match report to copy.

RESULTS: Muggers Utd. 0 Mafia F.C. 0.
REFEREE: B. F. Falstaff (deceased after 72 mins. play).
ATTENDANCE: 371.

"On my way to the ground, I noticed that the visiting supporters were greeted with expressions of love and kindness by the home fans. Small gifts, mementos, and girl friends, were also exchanged. The crowd was 34,000 fewer than last seaspn, but as the fixture was played so soon after the Chinese New Year, and had clashed with the local flower show, this small drop was understandable.

"In brilliant sunshine, on a perfect pitch, the home team won the toss, and it was only due to a small misunderstanding that the skipper threw the visiting captain in the air instead of the coin proffered to him by the good-looking, tall (5ft 4in) referee, who good-humouredly wiped his bi-focals before the kick-off.

"The game itself was poetry in motion mainly slow motion. The play was confined to the centre-circle, but even in this confined space, these magnificent footballers did extraordinary things. Some with the ball, others without it. Unfortunately, the ref. forgot to take the whistle out of his mouth, and every time he breathed out, he gave a free-kick (78 to the Muggers, 1 to Mafia).

"These constant interruptions provided the crowd with an opportunity to admire the nearby railway track, which was freshly painted in 1935. The Muggers' goalkeeper (father of two bouncing boys, a teetotaller and a churchgoer) wasn't busy, and had time to seal up some envelopes which contained goodwill messages to the Pope, Golda Meir and Norman Hunter.

Protection

"In the second half, the Mafia goal was under constant pressure, but they had plenty of protection. The referee awarded a controversial corner against the visitors in the 72nd minute, and the Mafia centre-back ran over to congratulate him. There was an accidental collision, and apparently the unfortunate official stabbed himself with his pencil. Senior linesman Al Lergie took over.

"This game demonstrated what is best in British football . . . 90 minutes non-stop effort, breathtaking centre-circle incidents, and a sporting spirit which is the envy of the world. After the match, both managers told me that the opposition played better, and that they were lucky to get a point. The supporters mingled happily with the visiting fans, and arm-in-arm they sang a short chorus of Auld Lang Syne".

Pastime

Does this suit you Mr. Lee? Or shall we continue to write the truth . . .

"Tele-bashing" has become a favourite pastime, and that fabulous Spurs v Derby cup tie came in for a lot of uninformative comment. David Miller in the *Daily Telegraph* stated the facts correctly, but arrived at the wrong conclusions: "Also proved was the fact that if you keep out the T.V. cameras, the crowds will return. Spurs, afraid of over-exposure from nine recently televised games gave a lead which others should follow. The public need to be curious, not surfeited."

Executive

Mike Archer, a London T.V. executive said: "A Nobody knew beforehand which game would be televised, so the crowd figures were not affected one way or another. B The televised game Manchester City v Liverpool, was watched by nearly 50,000 people. C The Spurs game, denied to the viewing public, was great entertainment, first class propaganda for football, but the tie eventually shown was a niggly, mediocre affair."

In the context of the good of the game, which of the two matches would you have preferred the public to have seen David?

BLOCK SELECTION C HELP ENGLAND

FEW people will argue that the West Germans are now hot favourites to win the next World Cup and Helmut Schön is leaving nothing to chance. The Hungarians were the hottest favourites ever in 1954 when they were beaten in the final—their only defeat in five years of superb football through an injury to Ferenc Puskas.

On the run-in to the final stages next year, Schön will deliberately prepare his squad to play without their stars Franz Beckenbauer, Gunter Netzer and Gerd Müller. This process begins with the match against Argentina in which Wolfgang Overath the 1st FC Koln inside forward, already a veteran of more than half a century of caps, will deputise for Netzer. Jupp Heynckes is the natural deputy for Müller though finding someone to fill his spot on the right wing will perhaps create bigger headaches, as will the substitution of Beckenbauer.

However to return to the original theme it is clear to the students of the international game that the success of the West Germans has been built on two outstanding club sides, FC Bayern Munchen and Borussia Monchengladbach. These two clubs have dominated the game in West Germany since 1968, each club taking the title twice and Bayern being the current league leaders once more.

Advantages

The advantages that accrue to anyone who can copy this system of selection are enormous, not least that the players do not need anything like the same length of time to 'play themselves in together'. In other words the problem which faces every international team is one of developing understanding between the players. In this highly competitive football world, with its glut of fixtures extending now over as much as ten months of the year, the national teams have little chance to prepare together as a squad.

This is not quite true of the East European sides, who take a three month break each winter and can tour abroad almost whenever the necessity arises. But elsewhere the maximum a national team manager can hope for to prepare his team for international duty is a week or ten days. Even this is usually limited to those countries where the FA controls the League and has the power to cancel one complete week-end of league play. Thus with a date in mid-week for an international match, postponing the previous week-ends league programme gives the Swiss, the Greeks, the Italians and one or two more the chance to get together for ten days.

Even this is by no means enough for there can be no arguments that each player is an individual with his own thoughts, instinctive reactions and though some players lack it the best have their own special brand of flair. Thus at international level getting together a band of talented players is simply not enough. They need to play together very often to strike up an understanding on the many simple situations that frequently arise in match play.

This was best illustrated by the phenomenal five year reign of the great Hungarian side, already referred to, who dominated the European game in the early and middle fifties. There can be no doubting the individual talents of players who occupied the key roles in that team—Ferenc Puskas, Sandor Kocsis, Josef Bozsik, Nandor Hidegkuti. They were all great players who would have been stars anywhere and at any time. But they had one big advantage in that over the five years they played together more than 70 times and they figured in most of those games with the same lesser players around them.

Trained

Lorant, Grosics, Budai, Czibor, Lantos all trained and played together with the great men for month after month, touring abroad as well as training together in Budapest. They were without doubt the most 'played-in' bunch of footballers the world has ever seen.

They had another advantage, too, in that they virtually came from just two clubs —Honved, the Hungarian army team, and Red Banner, otherwise known as Voros Lobega and now MTK. Thus for Gustav Szebes, who managed that great side, the problem of building his troops into a team was helped enormously by the fact that the players were already familiar with each other in two groups. All he had to do was to allow the two club sides to play together.

It is significant, too, that in the interests of team-work Szebes retained left half Zakarias even through his lean spells—and he was no outstanding player. Many critics felt that other more gifted players should have taken preference over him from time to time but Szebes remained adamant, knowing that an out of touch player who was familiar with everything going on around him was preferable to the doubtful skills of another player who would be new to the squad.

This block selection would certainly make things easier on other national teams even if it meant sacrificing the individual skills of one or two star players for at the moment England get, at most, 48 hours in which to prepare for international matches in the season. This is not new but accepted practice and virtually the only time that England teams have been given time together for any reasonable length of time has been before the World Cup competitions proper. Then, of course, it has been possible to concentrate the players for as much as three or four weeks because it was out of season and for once the clubs were persuaded to forgo their end of season tours or undertake them without their England men.

Gathering on Sunday evening and playing on Wednesday—and this often having to include precious time lost in travelling—is no way for any side to prepare. Contrasted with the clubs who can train and play together for unlimited hours on end, month after month, and one can understand why international players do not always reproduce their club form when playing for England. How can they when they are suddenly thrown in amongst strangers?

It is not only the West Germans and Hungarians who have taken advantage of the opportunity to put together the best players from two successful club sides. The Brazilians despite their three month 'stages' preparing for World Cups have often chosen players almost en bloc from two clubs. In 1958, when Brazil won the trophy in Sweden, the team was in the melting pot still when they arrived in Gothenburg after a lengthy European tour that was intended to settle all their problems and didn't. In the final analysis Vicente Feola, their *technico*, put his trust in a squad that was largely dominated by players from two clubs Botafogo of Rio de Janeiro and Santos FC of Sao Paulo.

Significant

Virtually the same team lined up again four years later for Brazil in the 1962 competition and when Pele of Santos was forced out through injury midway through the competition it is significant that his understudy Amarildo came from Botafogo.

That Helmut Schön should opt for a two club side, introducing as he did for the critical match away to England at Wembley two unknown 20-year-olds Breitner and Hoeness, was not really surprising. Let it be noted that both these players came from Bayern Munchen but also recognise that for many years Schön was the assistant and right hand man of Sepp Herberger, who had opted for a similar solution many years before.

When the Hungarians were beaten 3-2 in the 1954 World Cup final in Berne it was the Germans who beat them and lining up in the pouring rain that day were five men from the virtually unknown 1st FC Kaiserslautern. Fritz Walter the German captain, inside left and midfield general came from

N COULD ND SUCCEED!

ERIC BATTY poses a topical question

Kaiserslautern and that undoubtedly was the starting point. Walter was an automatic choice though none of the others, Kohlmeyer, Leibrich, Eckel and Fritz's brother centre forward Ottmar Walter, could be said to be the best players in their positions available to Herberger.

Indeed, Werner Liebrich became an accepted star during the 1954 World Cup at centre half but to make room for him Herberger played Posipal a stopper for his club and chosen a year earlier for UEFA against England at Wembley, out of position at right back in order to accommodate Liebrich.

Neither before nor since the Fritz Walyer elf—as the FCK side was known at the time—have Kaiserslautern been an outstanding team in Germany but very shrewdly Herberger recognised the advantages of building his side on a club framework.

To return now to England, one wonders whether the fans who booed England off at Wembley recently were irate because their team had failed to beat Wales or because they felt the quality of the game they had seen did not provide value for money. I cannot profess to understand the motives of the fans and wouldn't retend to.

I can only give my personal view and that is that England that evening were no more than five per cent below their best. Put another way, if England had played no better in approach, in terms of skill or entertainment value BUT hit two more successful shots at the Welsh goal they would have won 3-1. That was the only significant difference between the England showing against Wales and that of many other performances to which Wembley crowds have been treated in recent years.

Defensive

I personally never expect England to play good football and I do not believe that this is the aim of the England team manager. What I do expect from England is an efficient defensive performance that gives nothing away, a high work rate from the midfield runners and fighters and (with a touch of luck) a handful of shots from players like Chivers or Lee (who has been badly missed) etc. to produce goals.

The effect is that of watching a steam roller crushing asphalt into a road surface and it is effective if not entertaining. If the fans are not satisfied with the quality of the play England currently offer, I sympathise, though if all they want is to see England win it would not surprise me. Misplaced patriotism at a time when all standards are crumbling is regarded in many quarters as a virtue.

Though this may surprise some readers, I would be delighted to see England win the World Cup and be consistently successful . . . but only if it is achieved through playing good constructive, intelligent football AND without choppers, kickers and hatchet-men. The critics and the booers cannot have it both ways. They cannot have quality and success and I believe that Sir Alf Ramsey is the most realistic of men and knows it.

What I would advocate is taking a leaf out of Herberger's book and basing the England team on preferably one club but perhaps two. At least then there would be an assurance of at least some semblance of constructive team play.

Leeds United manager Don Revie (centre) watching his team at work. Would England fare better if they chose the bulk of teams like Leeds?

CLOUGH STRIKES GOLD IN DAVIES

by BRIAN MARSHALL

WHEN Brian Clough, Derby County's often outspoken manager, signed Roger Davies from non-league Worcester City for £14,000, he said: "Goalscorers are pure gold. I'm hoping that in Davies we have picked up a rare bargain."

Just how good a bargain was exemplified when the tall, lanky striker, coolly notched his first hat-trick for the Derby County side in that thrilling 5-3 success over Spurs at White Hart Lane in the F.A. Cup fourth round replay.

Suddenly a star was born in this game. Davies, who had earned rich praise for his earlier first team appearances, found that he was in great demand—much to his own surprise. At the age of 22 he has burst onto the soccer scene with devastating effect. It is his rare ability to score goals which has placed him in this bracket. It is, therefore, all the more surprising that his ability was not noticed at an earlier date.

He will, however, tell you that prior to joining Derby County he had short spells with Wolves, Walsall and Oxford United. Davies made these disclosures to me on the day he signed for Derby County. The interview took place in the engineering shop where he had been prepared to spend the rest of his working life.

Without being hypercritical, it was the kind of world from which many thousands of workers would willingly escape. Roger Davies was the fortunate one and this was reflected even then when we discussed his past and future career.

He revealed that he had lived all his life in Wolverhampton and that he had joined Wolves upon leaving school but quickly became disenchanted with his prospects at Molineux. He was, he said, happier playing for Northicote in the Wolverhampton Amateur League. Then he had a trial with Walsall but quickly left Fellows Park. He said: "It was while I was playing with Northicote that I was selected to play for the League XI. Walsall spotted me and asked me to play in some trial matches. I appeared in their second and third teams but the atmosphere in the club was very disappointing and I returned to Northicote."

Engineering apprenticeship

The turning point of his career occurred following a friendly chat with his next door neighbour, John Blower, who was then playing for Bridgnorth in the Midland Combination. The outcome was that Roger Davies was asked to go to Bridgnorth where he scored 100 goals in two seasons.

Shortly after joining Bridgnorth he went to Oxford United. Manager Gerry Summers, who could see some potential, offered him a month's trial but Davies did not think it worth while in view of the fact that it would spoil his engineering apprenticeship.

Aston Villa's manager, Vic Crowe, went to watch Davies on two occasions at the end of the season and informed Bridgnorth that he was interested in arranging a trial for Davies in his Central League side.

But when Crowe contacted Bridgnorth again a few weeks before the opening of the season he had already signed for Worcester City. The Southern League club's manager, Wilf Grant, who was a known goalscorer in his own playing days with Cardiff City, had spotted him playing in Bridgnorth's Welsh Amateur Cup run.

Terms were agreed

Davies, however, admits that he had some doubt in his mind about joining Worcester because he did not think he was good enough to make the grade in the Southern League. Wilf Grant persuaded him that he could come good and following a pre-season game against Leicester City he signed as a professional.

Roger Davies relates: "I scored a hat-trick on my debut against Wimbledon and from then on everything went my way and ended with me signing for Derby. A lot of clubs were interested in me but Brian Clough was the first manager to make a firm offer. He made two visits to Worcester before the terms were agreed.

"Strangly, the Worcester directors did not want me to go although they had this big debt. But Wilf Grant said that it was in my interests to try my luck in the Football League. I was personally quite happy to join Derby. It was in the Midlands and it meant that it would not create too many problems.

"Brian Clough said that I could still live in Wolverhampton.He said: 'I don't care where you live but if you are late for training you will be fined!' I quickly discovered that the travelling and training together was too much and my fiancee and I decided to bring forward our marriage and settle in Derby.

"Personally, I found the training very hard. I must admit that I hadn't done a great deal over the previous seasons. I was just content to play as often as possible.

"The first real training I encountered was at Worcester and I was so shattered after these stints that even then I thought about packing in the club before the season had even started.

"Fortunately, Wilf Grant kept me interested and I'm indebted to his persistence to keep me in the game. He was responsible for opening the door on an entirely new life. Two years ago I would never have dreamed about what has taken place over the past six months.

"Personally, I can't believe the money I'm earning today. If I had remained in the engineering shop in Wolverhampton I could not have afforded the things I've been able to buy during the last year. "My wife and I would have been forced to have bought the household furniture on hire purchase. In twelve months we have been able to buy the whole lot outright.

"So I think I'm a lucky fellow to have been given this wonderful opportunity to make a new career in soccer."

HANS HENNINGSEN reports from

BRAZIL

Cesar takes over from Gerson

Gerson—in danger of losing his place in the national side.

WITH Brazil's trip to Europe just round the corner, Paulo Cesar has emerged as the player on whom Brazil are pinning a great many of their hopes. Manager Zagalo has made it clear that Cesar will be the new 'general' of the side, a role previously filled by Gerson.

Cesar is young, has splendid ability, a strong shot and will be Brazil's answer to Nezter. He will no longer play a wing-midfield role, but will become the central axle of the side. Cesar says: "Zagalo's orders are to play as the creator, but in the middle not as a back-wing."

Zagalo's orders for Cesar indicate that he no longer intends to use Gerson. It is also clear that Brazil will change their tactics from those used in the Independence Cup, when they were too conservative. Knowing that he cannot count on Pele, who has again said he doesn't want to play for the national side anymore, can Zagalo leave out a player of Gerson's class?

Gerson did not play well last year. He was injured for a spell, was transferred from Sao Paulo to Rio and played few matches. But, knowing that Brazil will have five months training before the 1974 World Cup, could he not get himself back into prime condition.

After losing Pele, the team needs a personality like Gerson. I know that the team needs young blood, but it also requires the experience of players like Gerson, Carlos Alberto and Piazza.

At a recent meeting, Zagalo agreed that West Germany has some excellent players. "A team with so many good results, gained without using players like Schnellinger, Haller, Vogts, Overath, Held and others must be very good."

He added: "But I think that we also have excellent players. At least as good as the Germans. If I think we must change our tactics, we will change. My team in Mexico did not always play the same. You need different tactics against England than against Peru for example. I think that a team cannot and must not always play the same way."

Moulding

Zagalo's plans for 1974 are well known. The team will tour Europe and Africa. He will blood several players and learn about European soccer. Then Zagalo will get to work moulding his side.

Zagalo, director Antonio do Passo, physical trainer Admildo Chirol and Doctor Lidio Toledo have visited and examined the places where Brazil will stay and train when they reach West Germany next year. The CBD leave nothing to chance, their planning is meticulous.

Already they know which aeroplane, which coach, which train, which training ground they will use.

Zagalo knows better than most that Pele's absence has broken the equilibrium of the side. This was confirmed in the Independence Cup tournament. How does he find another Pele?

Training

That's impossible of course, so he must change his tactics. With Paulo Cesar conducting the orchestra, with Clodoaldo and Rivelino, I think Zagalo will use two offensive wingers.

The exportation of Brazilian know-how continues. Last month I reported that Coutinho is helping Peru in their World Cup build-up. Esquerdinha is with the Cote'Ivoir team in Africa; Paulo Amaral (manager), Carlesso (physical coach) and Doctor Mario Pompeu have gone to Paraguay to establish a training programme similar to that used by Brazil in 1970; former player Zizinho is with Bolivia.

England's draw against Wales hope of qualifying for

CONFRONTATIO COULD PROVE

POLAND'S national manager, Kazimierz Gorski, and his assistant, the former international defender Jacek Gmoch, could hardly have been impressed by the form of their immediate World Cup opponents, when they visited Wembley last month. The 1-1 draw between England and Wales has not only caused their chief rivals to drop a valuable home point, but it also exposed the poverty of ideas, the tactical naivety and, in the final analysis, simply the lack of truly world-class players in the English ranks.

Even those English reporters whose feelings of noble patriotism frequently cloud their finer judgment, could find little comfort in the display of their overrated side, who on this showing would hardly be fancied to make an impact in the 1974 World Cup finals—even if they get there!

Confidence

It is now 21 months since England last won a home match. That was a 3-1 success over Scotland, dating back to May 22, 1971—not exactly a record to inspire much confidence for the future. The most searching question the Polish observers were asking themselves after the Wembley fiasco was: Can England play as badly as that again? Will the Poles on their first ever appearance at Wembley, next October, catch the English on an off-day? Or will a rebuilt, revitalised England team rise in time to peak form, first next June 6, in their away leg at Chorzow, and then next season at home? Chief coach Jacek Gmoch, who played in both games ever disputed between Poland and England in 1966 in 1966 at Chorzow and Goodison Park, was rather diplomatic about his impressions of England, though highly complimentary of Wales' fighting spirit.

But manager Gorski is certainly not fooled by the current standing of once mighty England, who were rated lower than ever before in recent internationally conducted polls. *France Football* — so favoured by most English journalists as "authoritative" — placed England only 13th(!) in Europe. The highly influential German agency *Internationale Sport-Korrespondenz (ISK)*, was more charitable by lifting England to joint sixth in the world, together with Russia, Italy, and Spain. But one of the leading Continental sports papers, *Sport Zurich*, rates England no higher than 12th, jointly with Scotland.

The Polish chief may take into account England's dismal scoring record. In the eight internationals before the Centenary match against Scotland, England's attack hit only eight goals and four of those were scored against . . . Wales! Nevertheless, the England team still remain one of the toughest—sometimes literally—to beat. And clearly on June 6 in Chorzow, the Poles can expect at best an English side perhaps jaded a little after a long season, but certainly one refusing to indulge in adventurous play, taking no risks at all and probably bent on securing at least a draw.

And this attitude, which in the uncompromising world of top grade football counts as "professional approach", is perhaps the Poles' biggest worry. For their players are after all basically amateurs. Oh, yes they do get financial "reimbursements" and other perks, for their efforts. But in terms of preparation, scientific training or solid ground organisation and above all mental approach, to what in Poland has never been a professional game, the Poles remain amateurs. They have, however, made great strides recently and those who still think of them as "push-overs" for England may be in for a rude shock.

• It is now 21 months since England last won a home match. . . it will be the Poles first ever visit to Wembley •

Poland's progress at international level is best illustrated by the high rating achieved by their top stars in the annual polls.

In the largest and arguably most authoritative of these, organised by *France Football*, Kazimierz Deyna (25), centre forward of Legia Warsaw, was ranked the sixth best player in Europe, behind Beckenbauer, Muller, Netzer, Cruyff and Keizer. This means that he surpassed all English—and indeed all British—players in 1972. In addition, their equally redoubtable striker Wlodzimierz Lubanski was voted joint seventh, together with Banks, Moore and Hulshoff.

These were quite the highest rankings ever bestowed on Polish footballers. Undoubtedly, they are the direct result of Poland's splendid victory in the Olympic tournament in Munich. Some observers may sneer at this contest and dismiss the Eastern European "shamateurs" if they wish. But the fact remains, that to win the gold medals the Poles had to beat the full national teams of East Germany, Russia and Hungary!

The Olympic title was Poland's greatest international success and carried by this impetus of newly found confidence, the Poles enjoyed a highly successful 1972. In 12 matches Poland achieved nine wins, two draws and only one defeat, with a goal ratio of 30-8! Their results: Bulgaria (a) 1-3; Spain (h) 2-0; Bulgaria (h) 3-0; Switzerland (h) 0-0; Czechoslovakia (h) 3-0; and in Olympic Games: Colombia 5-1; Ghana 4-0; East Germany 2-1; Denmark 1-1; Russia 2-1; Morocco 5-0 and Hungary 2-1. The scorers of the 30 goals were: Deyna 11, Gadocha 7, Lubanski 3, Banas, Gorgon, and Maszczyk 2 each, Kmiecik, Marks and Szoltysik one each.

Priority

However, time doesn't stand still and to quote West Ham's famous chief Ron Greenwood, "football is about tomorrow, not yesterday". The Poles realise that the task ahead is even steeper than the one accomplished in Munich last September. The World Cup remains, after all, the premier soccer prize and to this end, the imminent qualifying matches now assume first priority.

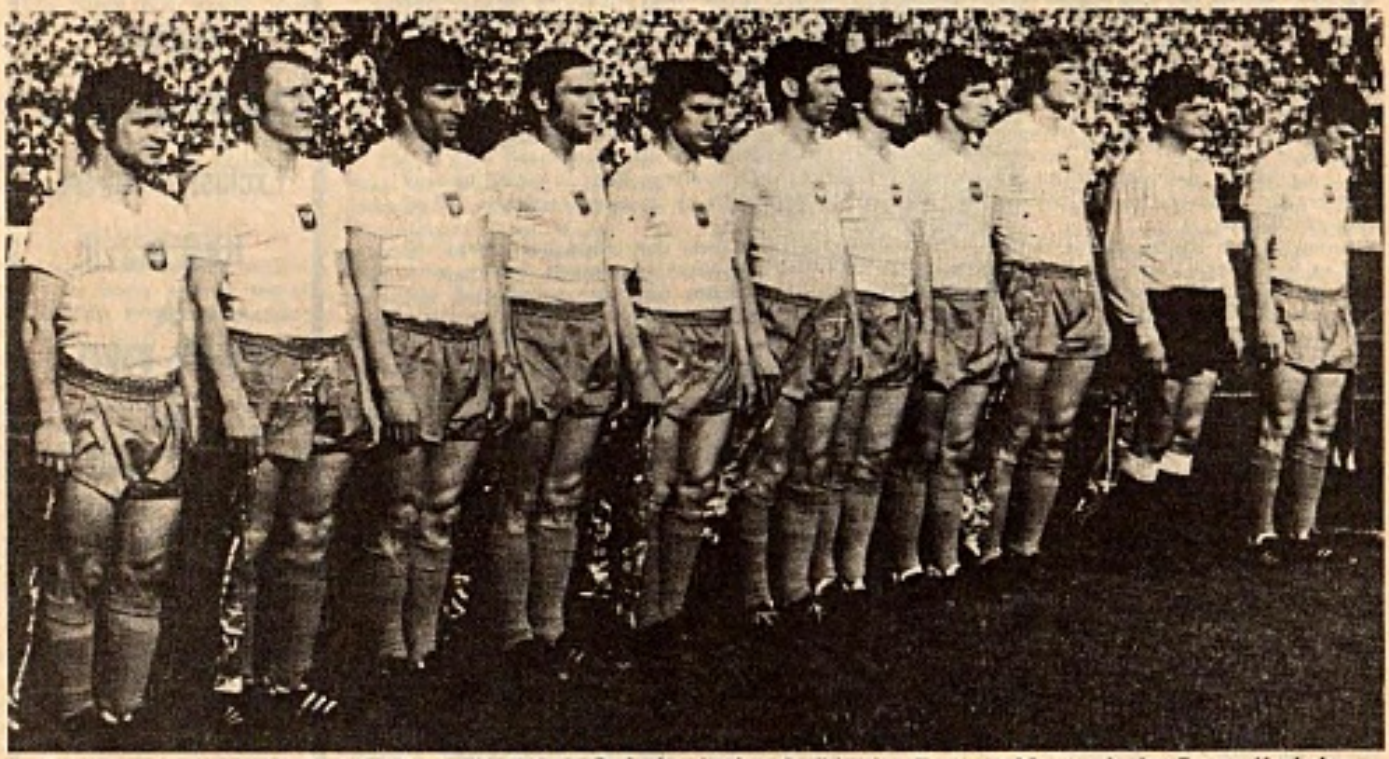
Poland's biggest handicap is the long winter break. Snow, frost and ice prevent any sort of outdoor football, roughly between December and March. And their first World Cup game against Wales is scheduled for March 28, in Cardiff. Perhaps it is an advantage that unlike in recent years the top Polish club sides Gornik Zabrze and Legia Warsaw, whose players form the backbone of the national team, will not have the additional burden of European Cup competitions.

Nevertheless, the lack of competitive football for over three months has forced the PZPN (FA) to arrange a warm up international before travelling to Wales. Because of European Cup commitments (quarter-final round on March 21), the

at Wembley gives Poland fresh
the World Cup finals

N IN CARDIFF
CRUCIAL

by
ARTHUR ROTMIL



Poland . . . left to right: Zygfried Szoltysik, Robert Gadocha, Leslaw Smikiewicz, Zygmunt Maszczyk, Jan Banas, Kazimierz Deyna, Jan Wrazy, Zygmunt Anczek, Jerzy Gorgon, Hubert Kostka, Wlodzimierz Lubanski.

Poles were unable to find suitable European opponents and will have to be content with playing against the USA, on March 20, at Lodz.

No wonder the national manager is despondent and complains: "I don't mind experimenting in a match like this. But when I think of all those difficulties, especially this unfortunate date of our clash with Wales in Cardiff, then I cannot keep quiet. I feel I'd rather give up the job of managing the team".

This statement by the currently very popular Gorski has shocked the sporting fraternity here. So much in fact, that the president of the PZPN, Stanislaw Nowosielski was obliged to declare that Gorski will retain his post, but at the same time he can, if he wishes, coach his own club LKS Lodz. The most important task is the preparation of the national side and it is therefore imperative that the successful manager stays.

Meanwhile the plans for a winter tour of South America and Australia have been abandoned. Instead, the two clubs Gornik and Ruch Chorzow visited warmer climates. Die FA decided to resume the championship programme early in March, to allow the players at least some competitive football before the two internationals in that month. The first against the Americans, whom the Poles last met 45 years ago when they scrambled a lucky 3-3 draw.

Programme

Here is the complete programme of the Polish national side for 1973: March 20, v. USA in Lodz; March 28, v. Wales (WC) in Cardiff; May 13, v. Yugoslavia in Warsaw; May 16, v. Republic of Ireland at home (venue to be decided); June 6, v. England (WC) in Chorzow; in July and August on tour v. USA and Mexico; August 19, v. Bulgaria in Sofia; September 20, v. Wales (WC) in Warsaw; October 10, v. Holland in Rotterdam; October 17, v. England (WC) at Wembley and October 21, v. Republic of Ireland in Dublin.

The confrontation in Cardiff will be crucial to Poland's ambition to qualify for the World Cup finals for the first time since 1938. The Welsh, who fielded three players from Second Division clubs, one forward from the Third Division, plus three men who were just reserves for their First Division club sides at Wembley, impressed above all with their fighting spirit. In these circumstances, the Poles will not underestimate their task, even though Wales have scored only one goal (in that 1-1 v. England) in their last seven internationals.

The Welsh too, have an outside chance of qualifying and therein lies a great opportunity for the Poles. For Wales will be conscious of playing their last trump card and they must attack, at home.

Thus the Poles will base their tactics on snatching goals from quick breaks. And here the major role will be played by those sharpshooters like Deyna, who had such a splendid harvest of goals last year, and the redoubtable Lubanski. He in fact has recently equalled the Polish record of 60 caps and has scored in the process 39 goals for the national team as well as 149 goals for his club.

Baba, the central figure in this report from Brazil, takes a close-up of a young Santos fanatic.

MORE BUT L

PAUL GARDNER'S

Exclusive report from Brazil

★

PART TWO

★

Changes are taking place in Brazilian soccer . . . football is a respected and very well paid profession . . . but will the accent on a more organised structure for soccer mean earlier coaching for the boys. And what will be the result of that?

WATCHING Baba in action is an exciting and refreshing reminder of all the good things that football can be. He moves beautifully, plays with unconcealed joy and enthusiasm, dribbles with exquisite touch, shoots powerfully with either foot. He is already, at the age of 15, a player with unmistakable style and confidence. As with most Brazilian youngsters, his football is his own, something that he has developed in his own way almost since he first learned to run.

He had no coaching of fundamentals—indeed, he had no coaching worth calling such until he arrived at Santos in 1971. Inevitably, there are flaws in Baba's skills. He himself says that the thing he has to improve most is his heading. Well, yes . . . heading. That is bound to be a problem for a beach-trained player,where heading the ball is likely to mean two eyes full of very gritty sand.

Anyway, that hardly makes Baba an oddity, for there are very few good headers of the ball in Brazilian soccer. Pele's exceptional skill puts him in a class by himself, but in some concentrated watching of Sao Paulo State Championship games this past summer, I saw only one player (Leivinha, the young Palmeiras forward) with outstanding heading skill.

But there is another angle to this heading business that is worth considering. "I have to improve my heading," says Baba, "and I have to work on my chest traps." Chest traps? I confess I hadn't seriously thought of chest traps as a separate soccer skill, worthy of equal attention with heading.

But the more Brazilian football I watched, the more I understood what Baba meant. And the more I pondered the relationship between good chest trapping and bad heading. One thing that I hardly ever saw in Brazilian games—boys, beach, or pro—were those aimless to-and-fro exchanges of the airborne ball, rather like feeble tennis rallies, as each team takes turn to head or kick the ball away first time.

Skills

The reason is surely the Brazilian players' preference for controlling the ball with a chest trap, rather than heading it away. And it seems logical enough that to emphasise one of these skills you have to de-emphasise the other*.

Certainly Brazilian football, so short on good headers, is full of players who can turn in all sorts of nifty chest and shoulder traps, the sort of athletic mid-air contortions with which Pele wraps himself around the ball.

The fact that Baba is now with Santos, and not some other club, could be termed a mere accident. He was not scouted by Santos, but arrived as a result of a tip from Pele's father. This rather slapdash approach to acquiring new young players is the rule rather than the exception in Brazil. Baba is, however, an exception in that he is not a local Santos boy.

The vast majority of the junior players on the Santos books are boys from Santos or nearby—but again the club has played a passive role in acquiring them.

Uniforms

The boys are expected to come to the club, on a special day known as the *dia de peneira* — sieve day. Professor Julio Mazzei, who was formerly Santos's physical preparation expert, explains: "At the beginning of the year, January and February, there will be one sieve day a week. The boys, aged from 11 up, come to the stadium, with their uniforms and their shoes. Sometimes they come alone, sometimes their fathers come with them.

On a busy day there may be as many as 80 to 100 of these boys. They are divided into age groups, and they all play under the eyes of the Santos junior coach. Perhaps six of them will be selected and told to come back again. That was the way that Pepe started—he came to Santos as a boy of 12 and worked his way up through all the junior teams. That's what makes him so popular with the Santos fans—they've seen him win a championship with every one of the teams, right up to winning the World Club Championship.

Sieve day. The metaphor is convincing, with its picture of a mass of raw material quickly eliminated to expose the nuggets. This is the way that the clubs have traditionally found their junior players. Who can doubt that it has worked for Santos?

In addition to Pepe, there have been Clodoaldo, Nene, Turcao, Leo, Orlando, Douglas, Picole, Hermes . . . It is a rather Micawberish process, but the brilliant young players always turned up. But will they continue to turn up?

Slice

The winds of change are blowing through Brazil with hurricane force, the winds of rapid industrialisation, of rising standards of living, those same winds that have changed English football from a working-class religion to a gaudy slice of show business. They are having the same effects in Brazil.

"Back in 1956," says Mazzei, "when Pele came to Santos, and when Coutinho arrived a few years later, football was the only thing that mattered. Nobody thought about the future. Today it is very different. The players are more sophisticated, they know the importance of an education, of having another profession."

Afonsinho (who has now left Santos) is studying medicine, Turcao is studying law—but even when it comes to studies, horizons still tend to be limited to football. Twelve Santos players, Pepe and Pele among them, are attending the College of Physical Education in Santos, where their education will qualify them for jobs as trainers and coaches.

There is a proposed new law, now being considered by the government, that would make it obligatory for all professional coaches to have a coaching diploma (these are issued by the universities, not by the state FAs).

COACHING
ESS FLAIR?

The same law would also require all players to have at least an elementary school education—up to the age of about 12. Thus Baba — who wants to study draughtsmanship — will have his high school education provided by the Santos club.

Well-paid

Along with higher education has come greater social acceptance. Professor Mazzei: "Twenty years ago if you were a professional footballer you were nothing. You were coarse, uneducated. No one wanted his daughter to marry a footballer. You had no future. The change probably started in the late '50s, with the arrival of players like Mauro, Gilmar, Zagalo, Pele, Zito, who were intelligent, who dressed well, who were socially acceptable. The winning of the 1958 World Cup gave the change real impetus."

Today football is a respected and a very well-paid profession. The players are not only better educated, they are now businessmen, too. Marçal and Edvard of Santos have gone into the import-export business; Paulo Cesar, the Palmeiras centre-forward, has just opened a car-washing firm in Sao Paulo (Cesar LavaCar: twenty washes and you get a free Palmeiras shirt).

In fact, it is the current cry of Brazilian clubs that football is far too well paid, and that they—even the big clubs — face bankruptcy because of the enormous transfer fees and salaries they have to pay.

The financial structure of Brazilian soccer was a mystery to me when I arrived in Brazil, and it remained a mystery when I left nearly two months and numerous interviews later. One cannot help noticing that the crowds, especially when the smaller teams are playing, are pitiful. Consider August 9, 1972. The Sao Paulo State Championship: Portuguesa v. Guarani—2,952; Santos v. Juventus—10,383. In the Rio Championship: America v. Fluminense—5,350 in Maracana!

Three days later Maracana was the scene of a meeting between two of the big clubs, Fluminense and Vasco da Gama. The crowd was 26,814. And one cannot help noticing that the players are demanding — and, by and large, are getting — higher salaries. The smaller clubs are trying to impose maximum salaries. Bahia and Vitoria, for example, say they will not pay anyone more than 5,000 cruzeiros (about $300) a month. Compare this with the 40,000 cruzeiros that national team players with the big Rio or Sao Paulo clubs can expect.

The big clubs all seem to be in debt. Corinthians are said to owe 16 million cruzeiros (about $1 million), Botafogo 9 million cruzeiros, Flamengo 3 million. Yet this same Flamengo recently paid 1 million cruzeiros to Atletico Mineiro for their centre-forward Dario. None of it makes any sense, and I must admit total failure in my efforts to understand it.

Clear

My queries invariably provoked a sort of resigned here-we-go-again syndrome of shrugs, boredom, patient smiles, patronising disquisitions, all with the clear implication that no one outside Brazilian football, and certainly not a foreigner, could hope to understand the situation.

The one area of agreement (among the club owners at any rate) is that the cost of players, both in salary and transfer fees, is much too high. One way out of this inflation lies in the development of youth programmes. Atletico Mineiro (who sold Dario because they would not

Baba . . . another "new" Pele?

meet his demand for 50,000 cruzeiros a month) have this season brought up six players from their juvenile team*. . . at salaries of 750 cruzeiros a month.

Inflation, then, seems likely to produce a change in the traditional Brazilian method of finding young players. This has been rather a hit-and-miss affair up till now. But the rising standard of living in Brazil means that boys will be staying at school longer, will be finding out about other career possibilities. "And there is another factor at work: Today, 65 per cent of all Brazilians live in cities," says Mazzei. "This means they have less open space to play on, it means they have a greater choice of things to do with their spare time. Basketball, the perfect small-area game for cities, is growing tremendously."

This problem of boys who want to get an education rather than start a professional sports career as a teenager is one that will increasingly bedevil soccer throughout the world. The one country where it has been squarely faced up to and a *modus vivendi* worked out is, of course, the United States. There, *all* professional basketball and American football players have attended college (though not all of them have graduated).

In fact, it is at college that they prepare themselves for their professional career. It is a convenient arrangement for the colleges, who make a lot of money from their basketball and football programmes (crowds of 80,000 are not uncommon at American football games), particularly as they don't have to pay their players. The players' reward, of course, is a free education; they are all attending college on athletic scholarships, which pay for everything.

Whatever the ethical implications (and they are considerable) of universities involving themselves in this sort of quasi-professional sports promotion, the arrangement is a profitable one for the professional clubs. They are relieved of the cost of training the young players —the colleges do that, too. The colleges are, in fact, nothing but farm teams for the pros.

College

When the time comes for the players to leave college, the pro clubs do not engage in a costly fight to sign them; they have an agreement among themselves known as the draft—in which the clubs take their turn to choose who they want (the order of choice is the reverse of the last season's league table, with the bottom club getting the chance to pick the best college player).

● Continued on page 48.

*Looked at this way, one wonders whether the vaunted strength of the English heading game is not in fact rather a weakness, something that stands in the way of better ball control.

NAMES MAKE NEWS by NORMAN CUTLER

BILBAO SLIP AS TALENT DRIES UP

ONCE famous Athletic de Bilbao, one of the founders of the Spanish League, and the most successful Cup fighters, has been slowly fading over the last few years. The reason is not difficult to see. Their nursery breeding ground, the Province of Vizcaya, is drying up its talent.

Ronnie Allen came to realise that there was little hope unless the Manager was allowed in some way to sign ready-made players and not rely on unknown and inexperienced youngsters for team building. When Allen left, Salvador Artigas, once manager of Barcelona, Valencia etc. was appointed. He fell for the malade of all new managers in Spain . . . he talked too much!

After praising Allen's work, he said the English manager had destroyed Bilbao. This pleased the local Press, but the club made little progress—as Artigas could do no better than Allen (Cup winners and League runners up). Artigas did nothing but blame other people and left his job during the summer.

★

Then came a manager with a remarkable record outside Spain . . . MICHAEL PAVIC . . . a Hungarian sensation both as a player and manager. Few people had heard of him although an institution in Belgrade. He was born there, joined Red Star Belgrade as a youngster, quickly became a first team star and later manager of the Club.

During his managerial spell Red Star won the League three times and Cup twice. He managed Hungary's World Cup side in Switzerland and in 1960 became manager of Standard Liege and made them the best side in Belgium. With him Liege won the Paris tournament in 1961 competing with Rapide de Vienna and Santos Brazil.

He is being paid £5,000 for six months, on a contract that ends in June.

Pavic has found the same difficulty as Allen, Artigas and all the others, the football talent in Vizcaya has dried up and the club's "home grown" policy should be altered. We are back where Allen took over. A desperate, demoralised and disillusioned side. There is even a big doubt hanging over the future of the Club—that they may fold up. This will evidently please the very, very destructive local Press, which has done enough slamming to wreck a dozen clubs.

It's rather amusing to realise that before Allen took over Tommy Docherty was in line for the job . . . imagine Tommy manager of a team he is forbidden to strengthen without big signings . . . shades of Manchester's million pounds!

> There is a rumour that DIDI the famous Brazilian star, and manager of Peru during Mexico's World Cup, is coming to Spain to manage Cordoba or Granada. I have my doubts . . . because if Didi comes he will aim at a more fashionable club.
>
> SABINO BARINAGA is home from Morocco . . . is now manager of Oviedo and they are winning again after a shocking two month period without a point.

THE Italian football circle was agog recently with the rumour that Inter Milan propose paying a fee of £250,000 for ANTONIADIS, the Greek superstar centre-forward.

It is more likely now that Greece are out of the World Cup, although Pancho Puskas tells me champions Panathinaikos still have their eye on the European Cup next season.

Antoniadis refuses to comment fully, except that he has received an offer and he is considering it with his Club, Panathinaikos.

★

ADORNO, the Valencia signing from Paraguay, who escaped through the Court window during the recess of the enquiry into the legality of his passport, is still the centre of mystery.

After the court disappearance his name was announced two weeks later on the tannoy during a Valencia match, stating he would play as substitute. He did, and received a great reception for a stupendous performance. But nothing has been said since of his Court behaviour and signing position.

He's still a Valencia player . . . evidently legal.

★

NOW it's official . . . at last. A proposal that has been expected in Spain for some time has now been made official by the East German Club, Hertha de Berlin. The First Division Club's President, Hans Warneke, has proposed to F.I.F.A. and U.E.F.A. that a European League replace the present European Cup competition.

The project has three points. Winners of the Championship each year should form the European League, playing home and away in July and August. The remainder of the clubs play continuing the League Championship on a home and away basis. At the end of the season the Clubs winning the Championship move into the European League and the previous winners step down.

All matches to be televised.

That seems to overcome the usual moan that the missing champions would wreck the domestic scene. Why? Playing in the European Cup does not interfere with the League. The European League would stop the falling crowds England are wailing about and bring gates to the League contenders as the European Cup does.

Spain (Real Madrid) for one, will support it and might even ask for the runners-up to be included in European Division II.

★

In the 42nd minute of the Second Division game in Stadium Pasaron, Pontevedra, Seville's brilliant under-23 outside right international, PEDRO BERRUEZO collapsed.

He was rushed by ambulance to the Pontevedra Domingo Hospital but was

Members of the Greek national team training for their recent match with Spain. Left to right: Kritikopulos, Sinetopulos, Elefterakis, Antoniadis, Agilos, Kudas, Sarafis.

JOSE MARIA PEREZ, the outside right Barcelona bought from Real Mallorca for £24,000 when they were struggling with an inoperative forward line, has completely changed the Catalan club's fortunes.

Rexach, Spain's right winger, went completely off form and lost his place in the national side through being played in every position in that side, because Michel Rinus boasted: "I never buy players —I always make them as I did Johann Cruyff".

Barcelona badly needed Perez, whose presence there has brought a complete transformation. Moreover, when Perez is in the side the crowd is 5-10,000 higher than when he is not. He is known in Cataluña as "Boom" Perez.

found to be dead from heart failure on arrival.

Berruezo was bought by Seville in 1968 for £34,000 He had a left foot cannon-ball shot that alone made him famous.

He left a wife, Gloria, and little daughter of the same name.

In a previous home game against Baracaldo he had a similar attack, was carried off and under constant observation in intensive care ward for five days, after which the doctors released him as fit to play football.

Seville's Club doctor received considerable criticism from the local inhabitants over the death, but the Seville players later announced that they had complete faith and confidence in him.

After his death the Club gave him another three-year contract being money for signing fee, bonuses and salary amounting to £54,000 which has been sent to his wife.

10,000 people packed the Sevillian ground for a farewell service, then followed the cortege, carrying more than 300 wreaths, to the Church.

★

SPAIN'S most spectacular signing of the 70s was Maluga's goal scoring centre-forward SEBASTIAN FLEITAS to Real Madrid—it was an on and off affair which ended months after it began with Real Madrid paying £24,000 and £9,000 to the player.

It took so long to complete because the Spanish F.A. made sure they checked with F.I.F.A. about his record. Being an international in his home country, Paraguay, he was ineligible in Spain. A the end of 1972 Real Madrid replaced Fleitas because "he did not fit in with the Manager's future plans", or was it because the signing of Fleitas sparked off the Paraguayan scandal which disrupted Spanish football so much last season.

The Federation accepted him in good faith, yet turned down Barcelona's application for the ineligible IRALA for a similar reason that he had played for Paraguay's national side. It was this signing which started the greatest controversy—which made history.

Barcelona never signed Irala, and Fleitas continued with Real. Curious? Fleitas who has been the eternal reserve with Real Madrid is now training in France with the 1st Division team Nimes.

Benfica set new record

BENFICA took their undefeated run to 20 games but not before they had their problems in the 18th at Beira Mar. It was 0-0 with over an hour gone before Antonio Simoes put them ahead. Four minutes later Alemao equalised and when Benfica had a strong claim for a penalty for hands turned down, it seemed that their 100 per cent record would go, but three minutes from the end Marques put through his own goal to give them a shaky win.

The following week, however, Benfica took it out on Union de Coimbra hitting them for six and before the winter pause they defeated Sporting 2-1 more easily than the score suggested with the defeated manager Ronnie Allen claiming that the referee would not let them play with the ball he wanted in the game.

Only Belenenses are staying within any range of Benfica and they hit six goals at Tomar. For the Blues the Paraguayan Gonzales is showing good scoring form. But Eusebio remains top scorer in Europe with 24 goals.

Benfica have confirmed that Jimmy Hagan will leave them at the end of the season and his replacement has been spoken of as Nandor Hidegkuti, the former Hungarian international. He will follow in the footsteps of another Hungarian, Bela Guttmann, who took Benfica to several European Cup Finals.

The Eagles of Estoril have also signed on a three year contract the Boavista striker Moinhos and are now in the Far East making themselves a lot of money on tour. Before they left for Israel and Greece, Sporting Lisbon, worried over returning late, decided to play a League game with bottom club Atletico who had just a single win. The result: Atletico 1, Sporting 0.

Also in Greece, national team manager Jose Augusto went to watch the international match with Bulgaria and returned with a good impression of the visitors who are in Portugal's World Cup group.

NORWICH AIMING FOR CUP SUCCESS

ERIC THORNTON looks at a club on the threshold of a major title

IF ever a club refused to accept defeat, and continued fighting for a place in the top flight year after year, while disappointments were always just around the corner, that club must surely be Norwich City.

You won't find their name on the list of FA Cup winners. Nor among those who have been champions of the Football League. Because those top honours have never gone their way.

For this proud organisation, which was one of the original members of the Third Division in 1920, has been battling against the Fates with only a small ration of success ever since its foundation at the start of the century.

Now, at last, comes their big chance to really make a name for themselves—by playing at Wembley for the first time, this month, and carrying off the League Cup at the expense of those weather-beaten bigtimers Spurs.

I know they won this particular prize eleven years ago, but those were the days of the infancy of a competition which was then frowned upon by First Division clubs, and home-and-away finals were decided on aggregates as they took lowly Rochdale apart.

I know they won the championship of the Second Division, last year, but it was the first time they had earned a brief for the top circle after years of fighting it out lower down.

I know they reached the FA Cup semi-final of 1959, after sweeping aside such teams as Manchester Utd, Cardiff City, Spurs, and Sheffield Utd, before losing a replay to Luton Town in a replay.

Jim Bone, whose goals helped Norwich to Wembley, was transferred to Sheffield United two weeks before the Final.

Giant killers

So far, however, none of the top prizes have been carried off by these Canaries, who are now backing themselves to do Wembley proud, trim Spurs to size, and give the soccer world something new to think about.

They very nearly did that in the fifties. That was when Archie Macaulay shaped them into giant killers, and everybody began thinking that at long last a Third Division team was going to be contesting the destination of the greatest trophy in these Isles.

At that time, everybody living and working around The Broads became just plumb soccer crazy, and believing that the old town outfit was on a straight course for a Wembley winner, invaded the betting offices.

It was a jolly good job for the bookies that the boys failed to take that last fence, because, according to folk in the know, a City triumph would have seen the local fans picking up nearly £150,000.

Now, having been removed from the FA Cup by Leeds, and obviously out of any chance of the League title, their sights are firmly set on the last remaining prize.

Country cousins

It's got to be admitted there is plenty of reason for confidence because, after all, they have had to dispose of Leicester City, Hull City, Stockport County, Arsenal and Chelsea on their way to the last stage.

How do Norwich view it? Ron Saunders sets that point straight by saying that at least they won't be making the London trip feeling like country cousins.

And he's got something in looking back, and remembering that they have already accounted for the north London men in the League, though, naturally, recognising that a Wembley affair can be so different.

Saunders, a down-to-earth club boss, is concerned all the time about consolidating that hard-won First Division place, but is also rightly proud of fighting of a match between those famous twin towers.

But he adds: "Our success, so far, has been a combined operation linking the directors, players, and supporters."

JOHN SPARROW reports from Holland

WHO?...AND FROM WHERE?

WHO? From where? The announcement was a minor sensation. Perhap sthe bemused Dutch public's biggest shock was that the new trainer of European Champions Ajax would be a Dutchman. And then unknown . . .

Unknown, that is, compared to Herrera, Rinus Michels, Frank O'Farrell or the wandering gold diggers of Europe. George Knobel is the quiet man of Dutch football. A 50-year-old ex-amateur trainer, ex-driving instructor who has been in the pro game a mere five years.

Quiet and modest. The crew-cut, clown-like figure chosen to follow homeward bound Rumanian Stefan Kovacs, says himself: "Half the people are asking, 'How the hell did Ajax think of that one.' Leo Steegman found the same thing when he took over Sparta. People look up enormously to so-called big trainers and forget everyone starts small. I mean what did Rinus Michels have to his name before he went to Ajax?"

Ajax, of course, were flooded with applications for the breach which Kovacs leaves in June. A club source tells me 20 or more letters were plumped on the secretary's desk, among them one from the German Weisweiler. Then—as the *Sun* revealed—there was Frank O'Farrell.

Best suited

Who else was there remains a mystery, club president Jaap van Praag saying it would be ungentlemanly to name them. George Knobel, trainer and saviour of MVV Maastricht, in the Netherlands deep south, was not on the list of hopefuls. Ajax, in fact, asked him! Doubtless he was No.1 with van Praag from the outset for while applications were still arriving, the club president approached Knobel on December 30. Days later a two-year contract was signed and van Praag declared: "We feel the man is best suited to Ajax because of what he did for MVV".

Who then is George Knobel? As a player he turned out for two obscure clubs, Baronie (Breda) and RBC (Roosendaal), now amateur league sides. Then he trained Baronie for three years while running a driving school as a living. MVV and the pro-game came in 1969, the Limburg club in dire straits . . . the relegation zone of the premier division.

Knobel rebuilt MVV piece by piece. Today relegation is no longer a question on MVV's future—today it's can they qualify for European football, namely the UEFA Cup? Fifth as I write, they stand behind Sparta and FC Twente.

Once before the club was in danger of losing Knobel when in 1971 Spartak Prague made noises in his direction. The news of his final departure came as a bombshell to MVV, however. Willy Brokamp, the man's great protege and Holland's centre forward in the recent Belgium derby, layed it on the line: "I owe everything to that man. And he made MVV from an amateur club to a grown-up, professional one. I'm terribly sorry for us but it's terrific for him".

Handle players

Sorrow from Brokamp, enthusiasm from the Ajax players. Johan Cruyff was surprised but commented: "Personally I don't know him well. All I know is he's a very good trainer and can handle players well. The fact that he's a Dutchman is a nice extra too."

Knobel himself describes the new job as "an enormous challenge. I know exactly what my task will be. It will be hard work but I can do it." He's realistic too: "They're probably the best club side in the world right now. But there's never been a side which can stay there for long. Real Madrid? Yes, they were an exception but that was in a different age."

Meanwhile Knobel is fully concerned with pushing MVV into European football before he leaves. And Ajax prepare for the toughest task they've faced for sometime. The first week of March is judgement week for the super champions. First comes the league and a home clash with Feyenoord. Early in the season Feyenoord beat them 2-0 in Rotterdam and currently head the league by two points. If Feyenoord do it again, Ajax can virtually say farewell to the home title.

Secondly there is the European Cup quarter final first leg with Bayern Munich who run onto the Olympic Stadium turf in Amsterdam four days after the Rotterdammers. What was it the soothsayer said about the Ides of March?

More news from Ajax is the probable departure of right winger Sjaak Swart. Rumours of the 34-year-old forward's retirement have been rife every slack news week for a couple of seasons. Now Swart's farewell really does seem imminent. Commented van Praag: "I have an idea Sjaak would like to stop when the season ends. We'll have a farewell game for him if he does."

Muhren scores a penalty for Ajax against Rangers in Amsterdam.

News from France by ANDRE DUCLOS

Marseille struggle and face prospect of slipping out of the title race

AGAIN and again, one hears the same cry; French professional footballers are not professional enough. The latest to emit it was Kurt Linder, manager of Olympique Marseille, holders of both Cup and League, who once played professionally himself for Lyon and previously managed PsV of Eindhoven in the Dutch League. Ruthlessly frank, Linder, who has had his difficulties this season with a club which has shipped water despite the arrival of two brilliant, black talents in Marius Tresor and Salif Keita, insisted that French players simply don't train hard enough; that in his view, training should ideally be harder than the games themselves.

Do you think, he demanded, that the kind of football played by Bayern Munich and Ajax arrived overnight? No; it was the product of endless hard work and preparation. The French footballer, in his view, is still far too addicted to the minor subtleties of the game, to killing the ball elegantly, to beating an opponent, whereas a Beckenbauer can do all this, but will then send the ball winging on its way with a long pass to an unmarked colleague.

All of this does not alter the fact that Marseille, under Linder, have been by no means the team they were under Lucien Leduc. Could it be that his methods, while perfectly adapted to Dutch or West German teams, do not work so well when applied to French footballers? Linder would no doubt say that if this be true, it is a reflection on French players.

Interesting challenge

Perhaps. Meanwhile, his contract runs out at the end of the season, and if Marseille lose this Championship, as they so easily may, it seems unlikely that it would be renewed. He was asked how he would feel about leaving Marseille for Paris FC, who are, under Louis Hon's successor, Dalla Cieca, at the bottom of the League. Linder said he would regard it as an interesting challenge; and so it is. For the manager who can turn Paris into a winning team, the boulevards are unquestionably paved with gold. Meanwhile one doesn't envy Dalla Cieca, happy as manager of amateur Montreuil.

Good news, meanwhile, for the resourceful Gloucestershire man, Nigel Page-Jones, now playing for Brest at left-back, in Group A of the Second Division. *France Football* Magazine has voted him the best left-back in the League (A), and the only Brest player to be thus honoured.

While Louis Hon has been having a hard time of it in Paris, sacked by returning President Guyot, the manager whom he displaced, Pierre Phelipon, must be blessing the day; although, as we know, he found it a bitter experience at the time. Manager, now, of Bordeaux, he finds himself in a most intriguing situation, for the team has been doing surprisingly well on a declared basis and policy of fostering local talent. No fewer than ten out of his first team pool of eighteen are local players, an immense tribute to the success of his President, M. Jean Roureau, in concentrating on youth from this keenly Rugby playing area.

Impressive tandem

Bordeaux had their triumphs in the 1950s, but they were built on such players as Berthus De Harder, from Holland, and Kargu, who was of Polish extraction. The ten local players have an average age of only 23, the spirit is predictably high, the future of the club looks exceedingly good.

M. Jean Roureau was inspired by the success of the youth schemes of Saint Etienne and Nancy. Saint Etienne, after being bled white of their star players by Marseille and the rest—Keita, Carnus, Camerini, Bosquier, Herve Revelli—decided to give youth its fling and resign themselves to a lesser position than they had occupied for so long in French football. Their then manager, the talented Albert Batteux, thought they were going a little too far. Batteux has now moved, with no small success, to Nancy-Lorraine, to form an impressive tandem with that club's driving young President, Claude Cuny.

His successor at Saint Etienne, Robert Herbin, the ginger haired half-back who was injured playing against England at Wembley in the 1966 World Cup, still came quite close to scoring a goal, has succeeded him, and continued to apply massive injections of . . . youth.

Nancy-Lorraine are not to be confused with Nancy, a defunct League club for whom a useful Welsh centre-half called Bryn Griffiths played successfully in the 1950s. It was Claude Cuny who with remarkable energy and enterprise built the new club, which has now successfully taken its place in the First Division. It took Cuny and his new club a mere three seasons to achieve this. Now, in their third season in Division One, they have risen from the lower-middle regions to the dizzying upper ones. Now, Cuny has brought in Albert Batteux, one of the inspiring forces behind the success of that fine French World Cup team of 1958, in Sweden, and virtually given him a free hand; while he himself gets on with his exciting projects of building new sports grounds and facilities on the road that leads, appropriately perhaps, to Paris.

We have a new President of the French Football Federation; the huge and amiable Fernand Sastre, born in Algeria on October 1, 1923. He will be a full time President, for the moment giving up his job of Departmental Director of Taxes, to which he was due to be promoted in this very year; an earnest of his serious intentions. He will resume his career only when he give up the Presidency of the FFF. Sastre comes into office at a very far from easy time, as he is well aware.

The most urgent problem of all, that between the players and the clubs over the question of a limited time contract, seems fairly sure to fall into his abundant lap before long. He has said that "it will be necessary to reach a quick agreement on the statute," and that according to article 17 of the statutes of the FFF, if agreement isn't reached by the relevant Commission, then the Federal Assembly of the FFF can act as arbiter. "For my part," he says, on the subject of French football and its troubles, "I'm not called Zorro, but I believe in the virtue of enthusiasm and of work."

Geoff Woods, one of the key men in the Crusaders push for their first Irish League title, in lively form. And behind him Larry Todd, one of the team's many talented youngsters.

SAD PLIGHT OF LINFIELD IS BAD FOR EVERYONE

COLIN McALPIN reports from N. Ireland

IT affords me no pleasure to see Linfield fallen on lean times. There is something rather sad in the plight of this once great club with the record of almost non-stop success struggling near the foot of the Irish League table . . . and their fall from grace is reflected in the empty spaces at most League grounds, the general lack of atmosphere and that certain something in the air.

Even if you hate the Windsor Park Blues, you hate them with a positiveness that makes you turn out to watch them. It may be merely in the hope that they get a tanking, but at least your money goes into some lucky club's bank account.

Nowadays, alas, I could beat Linfield with the help of a couple of wee lads and a dog. Recently they tried to entice Willie Cunningham, the full-back hero of Northern Ireland's 1958 World Cup run, from his job as boss of Scottish League side Falkirk. He declined the offer, a good one, on the grounds of 'personal reasons' (probably a reluctance to move his family from the comparative security of Brookville Park to strife-torn Ulster).

Search

The search goes on, however, for Linfield. They need, and need desperately, a manager. Currently they are being guided by former centre-half Sammy Hatton and a committee and they have the look of a committee-run team . . . one half seems to be building a ship and the other an aeroplane.

Sammy, indeed, is the first to want to see a more permanent boss at Windsor. He's too much a Blueman at heart to let personal considerations encroach. If, and when, a new boss arrives Sammy will gladly revert to his old post of coach.

Big names

For the sake of the game in general, Linfield must get the man. In the past they have opted for big names—Jackie Milburn was their boss for five golden years—but somehow the likely contenders don't want to know. Strange, for Windsor Park could well be the opportunity many potential managers are looking for and to be frightened off by the troubles is to be easily frightened out of an excellent job

Quietly, quietly . . . across Belfast Linfield's old rivals Glentoran are finding their feet again under George Eastham, a man who retains the Midas touch. Under Eastham, father of Stoke City's star, Ards and Distillery found fame and fortune . . . and Oval fans are keeping their fingers crossed that the story is about to be repeated.

Mind you, the Glens are far from cured completely. There is still much for Eastham to do at the club, but recent results suggest that the corner has been turned.

or so everybody thought—and were sent home with red faces and a 1-0 defeat to consider.

The appointment of Belfast businessman Eric Adair, who learned the business guiding the fortunes of B Division clubs like Larne and Carrick Rangers (and doing it very well), has a lot to do with the glimpses of what could be just around the corner.

Adair, anxious to adopt a youth policy, has sent no less than 10 scouts around the Province in a search for talent. He has, anyway, a young side which at the moment lacks experience but which can only gain it and thus improve.

It will be a hard slog, and Adair knows it, but in the end we could see a re-vamped Glenavon back among the title hunters.

Skipper Billy McCullough, an Oval player for 12 years, sums it up best: "In the past it was always Glentoran who set the pace for the title. Now, after a poor start, we find ourselves in the unusual position of having to do the chasing. It's unusual, as I say, but if we can continue our recent revival and quietly pick up the points there's no reason why we shouldn't retain the title. At any rate, don't rule us out of the race yet."

Glenavon, the struggling table-proppers of Mourneview Park, may have a load of problems but they can still hand out the odd shock. Ask pace-setters Crusaders who travelled to Lurgan to pick up the points—

WORLD SOCCER DIARY

THE selection of a world or European XI, at the turn of the year, has for many years proved to be one of the most popular features with most sportspapers on the Continent. But outside Europe there are also a number of countries which indulge annually in the quest to find the world's best eleven.

In the largest poll ever organised in the home of the world champions, Brazil, 128 journalists were asked to nominate their World XI for 1972. This was the result: Mazurkiewicz (Uruguay); Figueroa (Chile), Moore (England), Anchetta (Uruguay), Facchetti (Italy); Gerson (Brazil), Beckenbauer, Netzer (both W. Germany); Jairzinho, Tostao and Rivelino (all Brazil).

By way of change, the well-known Yugoslav sports paper *Sportske Novosti* has produced the result of their poll designed to find the world's best players over the last 30 years. A number of famous managers, mostly former stars, have come up with some interesting and surprising answers. Sir Alf Ramsey, Meazza (now Italy) and Riera (Chile), named the famous Brazilian Pele. But Helmut Schon (Germany), Miljanic (Yugoslavia), Gento (Spain) and Helenio Herrera (now Italy), all plumped for Di Stefano. Other nominations were: Bobek (Yugoslavia) and Dr. Lakat (Hungary) —Puskas. Kubala (now Spain)—Bican. Di Stefano—Jose M.Moreno. Pele—Ermindo Onega.

Final rating and score for the world's greatest player over the last 30 years: 1. Di Stefano 4 votes. 2. Pele, 3 votes. Puskas 2, Bican, Onega and Moreno, one vote each.

Now, how many British fans still Remember Onega—and how many have heard of Bican or Moreno?

Another birthday

THE HUNGARIAN F.A., among the richest in tradition, in Europe, has recently celebrated 75 years of organised football in their country. On October 31, 1897, to be precise, the Budapest Tornaclub met Vienna, in what was at the same time an international encounter. But it wasn't until January 19, 1901, that the Federation had been founded. In that year too, the first championship was started on February 17.

Hungarian football has since scored many successes, including two runners-up spots in the World Cups of 1938 and 1954. In addition Hungary have triumphed three times in the Olympic Games tournaments of 1952, 1964 and 1968. The national side has played 470 matches which is even more than the total achieved by England (F.A. founded in 1863), which stands at 459 internationals.

From the statistics of the Hungarian Federation it appears that a total of 561 players have represented that country. Top of this impressive list is the famous wing-half Jozsef Bozsik, with a record 100 caps. Next come the goalkeeper Gyula Grosics (86 caps), that fabulous goalgetter Ferenc Puskas (84), and Sandor Matrai (80).

In the goal scorers' table Puskas leads with 83 goals, followed by Sandor Kocsis on 75, and Imre Schlosser with 58. Puskas would of course have easily reached 100 caps, and as many goals, if the uprising in 1956 and h
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ONE HUNDRE

*IT'S ten years since Bobby Moore was first selec
for England. Last month, at Hampden Park agai
Scotland, the remarkable Moore won his 100th cap
the third Englishman to reach that particular milesto
Billy Wright (105 caps) and Bobby Charlton (10
were the others.*

*Before the Scotland game, an enterprising Da
Mirror photographer took the picture at the foot
this page. It shows Moore with 99 young mates fr
St. Edward's Primary School near West Ham's Up
Park ground. The youngsters would swap Bobb
proud possessions for their own school caps any a
and, perhaps, one of the kids might go on to emula
their idol.*

*Moore enjoyed his centenary . . . the Scots, celebr
ing their 100th birthday with the England match,*

ED FOR MOORE

not. A 5-0 home defeat shattered them but it pleased Robert Moore no end. Before the game he was presented with a special silver plaque by the English FA, to a chorus of booing from the Hampden Park patrons. Moore, characteristically, remained unperturbed.

He was his usual unruffled self, and gave a typically cool, immaculate display in the England jersey. He's got his critics, of course, especially outside London but not even Bobby Charlton—the most universally popular player of our time—was accepted everywhere.

Moore needs a further six international appearances to equal Charlton's number of caps. He should go on to become the most capped player in the history of football . . . and nobody deserves the honour more. He is a remarkable player and a remarkable person.

is subsequent exile to he starred for a number Real Madrid, and even that country, had not his career quite so

championship of the eague, nine clubs have title: Ferencvaros ar wins, then come MTK h 16 titles, and Ujpest

ottle owing

ian soccer fans threw to the pitch during an match in which AC lermo 1-0 to stay top of sich table. The home Palermo were incensed ree awarded AC Milan the 80.h minute from Rivera scored the only me.

Spectators hurled bottles, oranges, umbrellas and other missiles. One bottle felled one of the home team's players, Landini, and he took several minutes to recover. After the match police had to restrain thousands of angry fans and jeered outside the dressing rooms. They prevented AC Milan's bus from leaving for half-an-hour, and delayed the referee's departure even longer.

WORLD SOCCER DIARY

Not for women

Football is not a game for women. It is harmful to the female organism, not to mention the fact that it causes "unhealthy agitation." So says the Sports Committee of the Soviet Union's Council of Ministers. It added sternly: "Women footballers of the Soviet Union, you are guilty of harmful social tendencies."

The Committee met to discuss the harmful effects of certain types of games and sports which, it said, "have nothing in common with the Soviet system of physical education." Football for women was in this category.

A report on the Sports Committee's meeting in the newspaper *Sovietsky Sport* said Ukranian girls seemed to be the chief delinquents. Teams of them from Kiev, Kharkov and Dnepropetrovsk have been discovered touring the Ukraine and "beyond its borders."

The Sports Committee also condemned a type of yoga, karate, judo and bridge-playing. It reported the existence of bridge federations in the Baltic republics of Estonia and Lithuania and challenged whether bridge could be called a sport at all. The Committee ordered official physical culture organisations throughout the country not to allow womens' football teams, bridge teams, judokas and yoga devotees in their midst.

Neither is there any room for Charles Atlases in the Soviet Union. Body-builders are accused of "egoistic self-admiration of the figure."

Change of name

FOR Miami Gatos . . . read Miami Toros. The Miami team have decided on a change of name, to go with a change of ownership. A prominent group of Miami businessmen, headed by American-born Harper Sibley jnr and Cuban-born Angel L. Loris jnr, make up the partnership. The new ownership gives Miami a financial stability for the future.

Scottish-born Norman Sutherland will continue as pro manager, a position he has held for the past seven seasons. Another Scot, 37-year-old John Young, has been appointed head coach. Young formerly played for St Johnstone and Hibernian in the Scottish first division.

The Toros will play all their 1973 home matches in Miami's famed Orange Bowl, which has a seating capacity of 80,000. The season starts on May 5.

Suspended sentence

A MAN has been given an eight-month suspended sentence for throwing an empty rum bottle on to the pitch during a European Cup Winners Cup match between Sparta Praha and Ferencvaros in Prague last November.

The Prague evening paper *Yecerni Prana* said the man, identified as O.K., 24, from Kutna Hora, Central Bohemia, was also ordered to pay the costs of the trial.

The incident occured three minutes before the end of the match just after one of the Hungarian players, Istvan Juhas, had been sent off for dangerous play. O.K. threw the bottle at Juhas, but did not hit him, and Juhas ran off the pitch clutching the bottle.

Sparta were fined 1,000 Swiss francs by UEFA and Ferencvaros the same sum. Juhas was banned from playing in six European matches. *Yercerni Praha* said Sparta would start civil proceedings against O.K.

COLO-COLO WIN TITLE

SOUTH AMERICAN ROUND-UP

by ERIC WEIL

CHILE'S most popular club, Colo-Colo of Santiago, became worthy First Division champions, with a three-point lead over second-placed Union Espanola (who accompany them into the "Libertadores" Cup) and an extra-ordinary (especially for Chile) scoring record of 90 goals in the 34 games. This was Colo-Colo's eleventh title win in this the 40th season of professional football in Chile. Colo-Colo topped the table practically from the beginning.

Well drilled and disciplined by Chile's own top coach, Luis Alamos, they had a good balance between attack and defence, playing a 4-3-3 line-up with slight variations when they put a sweeper-up behind the defence. Colo-Colo was one of the few teams—if not the only one—with an attacking policy, not afraid to go all out for goal when they had possession and risking their wing-markers as orthodox wingers on these occasions. It was a refreshing change to watch a team like Colo-Colo, who did not use defence and counter-attack as their only weapon.

Technical Francisco "Chamaco" Valdez was the outstanding figure—a half whose precision passes made the team play like clock-work. With Fernando Osorio, he was the only ever-present in the team and he also found time to score 22 goals and become the club's top scorer—with only four goals less than First Division top scorer, Fernando Espinosa (Magallanes). Other outstanding players in the champions team were Carlos Caszelly (forward), Messen (forward), Guillermo Paez (half) and Rafael Gonzalez (centre-back).

In spite of Chile's best players, such a Reinoso, Quintano, Hodge, Juan Rodriguez, Peralta and Castro, playing for foreign clubs, the season's over-all standard improved. Some "bite" has returned to Chile's always technical and "pretty" soccer. A higher goals-per-game average of almost three bears witness to this and perhaps German national team coach, Rudy Gutendorf, even if he is finding it difficult to build his national team, has had something to do with this.

PERU

Sporting Cristal, the team run by a brewery, won the Peruvian title following a play-off between the teams which finished in the top six places of the championship. Final placings were: 1, Sporting Cristal 8pts.; 2, Universitario 7; 3, Municipal 5; 4, Jose Galvez 4; 5, Alianza Lima 3; 6, Defensor Lima 3.

BOLIVIA

Jorge Wilsterman, of Cochabamba, won the national championship in Bolivia and Oriente Petrolero, of Santa Cruz, are second (pending a dispute over their game against Petrolero of Cochabamba).

VENEZUELA

Deportivo Italia won the national title in a four-team play-off between the teams which finished in the top two places of the two league tournaments into which the season was divided. Final placings were: 1, Deportivo Italia 7pts.; 2, Deportivo Galicia, Anzoategui 6; 4, Tiquire-Aragua 5. Galicia and Anzoategui have yet to decide which of them accompanies Deportivo Italia into the "Libertadores" Cup, but there is a danger of Venezuela not being represented in this or any other international competition (World Cup included) due to an internal rift between the Professional Football Federation and the Government sponsored Sports Federation.

PARAGUAY

Deportivo Cali won the "Finalizacion" League Championship following aplay-off with Millionarios and Atetico Nacional with whom they had shared first place. A further play-off for the national title is now necessary. For this the top two teams of the two league championships, into which the season is divided, qualify and the participants in this instance are Deportivo Cali, Millionarios and Junior.

ECUADOR

Emelec and Barcelona (both of Guayaquil) and Nacional (Quito) are playing a final round for the Ecuador title at press time.

Colo-Colo . . . champions of Chile.

Sporting Cristal . . . champions of Peru.

Sporting Cristal triumph with strong finish

from CARLOS F. RAMIREZ in PERU

HOW many matches should a professional football team play? Answers will vary depending upon the intensity of the matches. However, in Peru with the new innovation which is the current vogue in South America—"Metro" and National tournaments—the number of matches to be played by the champion reaches staggering levels.

Over 40 matches were required. Of course one wonders how the economy of a country can support such a string of matches, but it follows the tendency of the old Roman adage: give Bread and Circus to the people and you will keep them happy.

Controversial

Emerging victors — justly so — were Sporting Cristal. A sensational triumph over Deportivo Municipal and a timely 1-1 draw against Defensor Lima gave Cristal the title and together with Universitario, the right to represent Peru in the "Copa Libertadores" tournament. What could happen considering that Cristal could be missing six top players at the same time during the crucial matches in the South American Champions cup, is anybody's guess.

They will surely resent the absence of Quesada, De la Torre and Palacios who are in the national side; and Mellan, Campos and Gonzalez Pajuelo have been suspended because of the riots in the matches against Boca Juniors.

The national side has been officially controlled by Roberto Scarone, the controversial Uruguayan with coaching experience in Mexico, Chile, Argentina and Central America. Scarone has recalled 22 players: Sartor and Burella (goalkeepers); Pedro Gonzalez, La Fuente, De la Torre, Jimenez, Navarro, Risco, Luna and Chumpitaz (defenders); Jose Fernandez, Palacios, Manzo, Quezada and Mayorga (Mid-field); and attackers Munante, Ramirez, Barbadillo, Percy Rojas, Cubillas, Sotil and Oblitas.

I recently met Scarone in Lima. He explained how he expects to prepare the national team in the eliminatory matches of September against Chile and Venezuela:

"Starting on January 20 we will have a concentration in the mountain, some 35 kilometers from Lima. We have a good, strong defence, a fairly good mid-field and fast and skilled forwards. How can we miss?"

I asked about Baylon, who early in January was the centre of a riot in a night club. "Baylon was never taken into account in my plans, even before the problem he had. If anything, the incident proved my point. I do not want THAT kind of player in the national squad. The same can apply to Challe. He is not part of my plans . . ."

But not everything is as mellow as it looks. Countinho, Pele's Former colleague, was sent by the C.B.D. of Brazil as a trainer and assistant to Scarone. In my presence he had harsh words against Scarone's judgment in selecting his players.

He emphasized that players like Mifflin and Roberto Challe should be in the team. The Peruvian press seems to agree with the Brazilian's point of view. However, we who know how stubborn Scarone can be when he sets his mind to it, foresee the eternal problem with coaches in South America: as soon as he matches his talk with actual results on the field he will be the darling of everybody. Otherwise he goes out. But, is it not this common practice all over the football world?

Spartak Trnava's competitive edge missing

ERIC BATTY looks at Derby County's opponents in the quarter-finals of the European Cup

BY a strange quirk of fortune, the draw for the critical quarter final stage in the European Cup has never been very kind to clubs from Eastern Europe. In the present competition kindness in this sense would mean pairing Hungary's Ujpest Dozsa with Czechoslovakia's Spartak Trnava . . . but the draw has given them tough ties against Derby County and Juventus.

Although obvious, the quarter final's importance has never been fully understood in Western countries. Significantly the competition of 1966 threw up East European finalists in Partizan Belgrade for the first and only time and in that competition the quarter final draw brought Sparta Praha and Partizan together. The Yugoslavs won through and went on, a few weeks later, to eliminate Manchester United 2-0 and 0-1 in the semi finals.

This is the crux of the problem that pervades Eastern Europe and the game between the Urals and the Danube. There the climate is such that football gives way to the winter between the end of November and the middle of March and this year the quarter finals of the three international tournaments all have their first legs before the Czechs, Romanians and Russians have even resumed their domestic programmes.

Formidable

To meet a team of Derby County's stature is a formidable hurdle at any time but to do so when they have not kicked a competitive ball for more than three months is asking a great deal. This the position of Spartak Trnava who, on paper are stronger than either Benfica or Zeljeznicar, who have been Derby's opposition to date. Their manager Anton Malatinsky will no doubt have the greatest respect for Derby but to meet them when the English champions are in full cry in their domestic campaign, fully fit and battle-hardened by match practice, is perhaps asking too much of them.

In some respects this is make or break for Spartak Trnava who from now on will have to replace the older members of their side. During the next three or four years they must expect to lose—through age—the services of half their side but the future of their left wing pair Adamec and Kabat is much more limited. These two, both full Czech internationals, form the backbone of the side together with Karol Dobias, Vladimir Hagara and Ladislav Kuna but they are both well past thirty and already at the veteran stage.

This makes it all the more important that their preparation for the clash with Derby leaves nothing to chance for in the European Cup there is no second opportunity.

Half the Trnava players are Czech internationals and having played together for the last six or seven years they are undoubtedly the strongest team the Czechs have produced since the Novak, Masopust, Pluskal team developed by Dukla Praha in the early sixties. Indeed it is probable that in real terms the Spartak Trnava team is stronger than the Czech national side.

To prepare for the test against Derby, the Czechs accompanied their national squad to Holland where they played and trained in the relatively good weather that prevails on the Atlantic coast. Using Holland as a base, the Trnava squad also played friendly matches in Liege—where they were beaten 0-3 by Standard—and also flew to Morocco for a goal-less draw with the Moroccan national team though both these games were undertaken without Dobias, Hagara, Kuna and Masrna, who were in the Czech national squad part of the party at Zeist.

Competitive

At least that way the Czechs were able to play football as their preparation instead of ski-ing, skating or indoor work in a gym that would have been their lot in Slovakia. But being without their key men for the most important part of the preparations at Zeist was a severe handicap. Nevertheless the Czechs have the better part of a month to prepare once they get back home and they will play a string of friendly matches during that time in Hungary and Yugoslavia. Better than nothing, of course, but no substitute for really competitive football at top level.

Like Derby, Spartak Trnava have not been a First Division club in the accepted sense for very long. Indeed, though they were promoted now and again they were no more than a Division II club and were promptly relegated . . . until 1964. At that time they came up under the guidance of Malatinsky, a former centre forward for the club and four times an international. Malatinsky's strongly held original ideas made him many critics and there were rumblings of revolution from his players in the middle sixties.

But Malatinsky prevailed and slowly but surely Trnava established themselves in the top class. After only just avoiding the drop in 1965, finishing tenth out of 14 clubs, they improved and rebuilt. By 1966-67 they had created almost a new side and with an average age of only 22 they were quite the youngest in the top flight. Leaders at the half way mark, they finally won the FA Cup and a few weeks later added the Mitropa Cup to their battle honours.

Capacity

The following season they were champions for the first time, clinching the title with a home win over Sparta Praha with two games to spare. At that time, and for some while after, they were regularly filling their 28,000 capacity ground in a town of only 40,000 inhabitants. To do this they had to be adopted—as they were—by the neighbouring villages and small towns strewn around Slovakia.

Since then Spartak Trnava have always been the pace-makers, winning the championship four times in the last five seasons and, at the half way mark in the current campaign, are leaders again. This season Spartak began with a run of drawn matches, giving ground to their local rivals Tatran Presov, and there were two contributing factors for this apparent decline.

The first was the absence of Ladislav Kuna who, with Dobias, Hagara and Adamec played for the Czechs in the 1970 World Cup in Mexico. Nominally, Kuna was the centre forward though his role in the side was that of midfield general. When the West Germans put their ace-player Franz Beckenbauer behind their defence

Football League champions Derby County. Back row left to right: Brian Clough (Manager), Hennessey, Webster, Boulton, Todd, Robson (now Aston Villa), Peter Taylor (Asst. Manager), Tommy Cavanagh (trainer). Front: McGovern, Gemmill, O'Hare, McFarland, Hector, Hinton, Durban.

as erstwhile *libero*, Malatinsky paid Kuna the highest possible compliment by saying that if he had two Kuna's he would play one in the Beckenbauer role.

The problem with Kuna arose over his national service with the Army which had been postponed. The Army finally called for their pound of Kuna's flesh last summer and during the first half of the service he played in the Second Division for the Slovak Army team Dukla Banska Bystrica.

Kuna is a class player and it was inevitable that Trnava would miss him. Though this was overcome to some degree by withdrawing Jozef Adamec from his role as central striker, Adamec is no Kuna and meanwhile the goalscoring rate dipped. It probably would have done anyway for though Adamec has one of the biggest shots and most lethal left foot since Ferenc Puskas, he seldom uses it now.

In addition, Adamec is blessed with a highly temperamental nature and when he doesn't feel like playing he might as well stay in the dressing room. So, without Kuna's prompting in midfield and without real fire power up front, it is not surprising that Trnava failed to score as regularly as they have done over the last five years. So far this season, in 15 league games, they have managed only 22 goals and they have been contributed by no fewer than ten players.

Marksman

Top marksman is left winger Dusan Kabat, a tall, thrustful and quite skilful legitimate left winger who has contributed five. Kuna (before he left for the army) got three as have reserve forward Fandel and a very promising full back Vojtech Varadin. By nature a right sided player, Varadin is very skilful and is adept at moving upfield both to support attacks and occasionally score.

He first appeared at right back—his best position—but with Dobias outstanding there he had to move to the left flank and settled. Meanwhile Vladimir Hagara, a burly very strong left back in Trnava's early days in the top class, was switched to play the stopper game and Dobias, another talented defender who like Varadin was encouraged to attack, has been playing the libero role.

It seems highly likely that Kuna will be recalled for the clash with Derby otherwise why would Malatinsky have played him against Standard-Liege? Significantly, too, it was in the Beckenbauer role that Kuna figured which suggests that Dobias will be back at right back.

Influence

Completing the defence are two recently promoted youngsters who have quickly established themselves this season—Dusan Keketi and Jan Kolenic. Keketi appears to have solved a long standing problem in the Trnava goal though if his reflexes are quick and his handling sure he still has to prove himself in the air under pressure. Like many Continental goalkeepers he is very good on his line (at dealing with shots) but somewhat lacking when the circumstances demand that he comes off it to deal with high crosses. However, unlike his predecessors he doesn't give away soft goals.

The other newcomer, Kolenic, is a natural stopper centre half and after half a season of regular appearances he seems established, too. Thus in front of Keketi will be a back line of four: Dobias, Kolenic, Hagara and Varadin. With, it seems likely, Kuna playing behind *a la Beckenbauer*. For the home tie Kuna, assuming he plays, will no doubt be preferred in a midfield role so that he can exert greater influence on the Trnava attack. Here, two wingers and a centre forward give a clear indication of Malatinsky's positive approach to the game that has never wavered.

'They face their biggest test three months after their last league game'

The key men in attack will probably be Adamec who could, if in the mood, give Boulton plenty to do in the Derby goal and the young Under 23 international of last season Jaroslav Masrna. The Czechs won the European Under 23 tournament last season with Masrna playing a decisive role on the right wing. He has played there this season for Trnava but he could, as he has done quite often, be switched into the centre forward role. In that case his place on the right wing would go to the long serving Martinkovic.

The final line up with Hrusecky in midfield and possibly Fandel will probably be decided by who is in the better form at the time—Martinkovic or Fandel, and where Masrna looks likely to cause Derby most trouble.

Overall, Trnava who reached the semi-finals in 1969 and went out 2-0 and 0-3 to Ajax, have the capacity to match anything that Derby can manage. What is in doubt and indeed is tragic for Spartak Trnava is that they had to face their biggest test more than three months after their last league game.

FROM WALES TO ITALY

by BRIAN GLANVILLE

WHEN, four minutes from the end of a match against Naples at the Olympic Stadium, Giorgio Chinaglia scored from what looked rather like an offside position, it was the end of a period of increasing nightmare. In the first place, Chinaglia, after a splendid start to the season in the image of Lazio itself, had not scored for weeks. In the second, he had just failed badly in the international match—at Naples—against Turkey; a World Cup game in which both he and Italy had failed to score, and in which he had the depressing experience of being substituted by Juventus' Anastasi.

It was a humiliation indeed, and perhaps an undeserved one, for Gigi Riva, Chinaglia's friend and fellow striker, had certainly been no better than he, was just as worthy of being replaced, were he not still considered "untouchable" (a situation which seemed unlikely to outlast so dull a display.)

Bitterness

Chinaglia, who had brought his Italo-American wife to watch him play in an international match for the first time, did not hide his bitterness. He blamed the midfield for pushing up too far and restricting his space; he was especially hard on the Lecce-born Juventus forward, Causio, for what he termed his useless, long, high crosses. Useless indeed, given that Chinaglia, for all his nearly six feet two, is curiously passive and ineffective in the air.

Four days later came another blow to Lazio and Chinaglia; their first defeat of the League season by Milan, in a replayed match at foggy, gelid San Siro; 3-1. Another four days, however, and all again was sunshine. Lazio had beaten Naples 3-0, Chinaglia had got his goal, and the miseries of the past few weeks seemed behind him.

Transfer

Chinaglia, as many of you will know, is the 25-year-old centre-forward who, at the age of 19, was given a free transfer by Swansea Town, and spurned not only by them but by the whole of the Football League, plus the Southern League into the bargain. Cardiff City, who had passed him over when he was playing for Cardiff schoolboys, could have had him; Hereford United showed an interest which quickly disappeared. Both, he says, had been told that he was "a trouble maker."

In retrospect, the astonishing thing is that Chinaglia at the time wanted nothing so desperately as to remain in Britain; preferably in Wales. His father, who had come to Cardiff as a poor immigrant from Massa, in Tuscany, to work for Guest, Keen, Nettlefolds now had a successful restaurant in that cordial but ugly town.

"I'll get you a club, in Italy," he told his reluctant son, and was as good as his word The club he got him was Massese, of Massa itself, then playing in Serie C, the enormous, multiple-zoned, Italian Third Division. Massa is a delightful place, up among the Apuan Alps overlooking the coast; the place from which sculptors, from Michelangelo to Henry Moore, have got their marble. But Chinaglia did not want to go back. Had he not, as a child in 1961, had to shut himself in the lavatory, away from his father's wrath, after his joy in hearing England beat Italy 3-2 in Rome, on the radio commentary?

"My mother said, 'No, no, don't hit him!' My father said, 'Are you Italian or English?' "

Chinaglia quite plainly wasn't sure. Tall, well made, pleasant and courteous of manner, with grey eyes, brown hair and a fair complexion, he is called by his Roman admirers a typically English centre-forward; which skates over the fact that typically English centre-forwards of six foot two are rather more dangerous in the air. But they are referring to his build, his power, his courage, his determination, his ability to fire the others.

Sportscar

He was back in Cardiff two weeks after joining Massese: "And do you know what those clever people did? They bought me a sports car. They said, come back, and they'd bought me a sports car."

Chinaglia came back, which turned out very happily for everybody. Massese sold him for 100 million lire to Internapoli, another *Serie C* club, thus making a profit on the deal of some £70,000, since he had not cost them a penny. He was not, under Italian League rules, allowed for three years to play for a *Serie A* or *B* club, which meant two seasons, most successfully, with the Neapolitan club, followed by a transfer for . . . 200 million lire, to Lazio.

He went down to the Second Division with them, was an appalled and non-combatant witness of the famous brawl outside a Roman restaurant with Arsenal, after a Fairs Cup match, then last season materially helped Lazio back to *Serie A*. At the end of the season, he made his debut for the Italian international team, in Bulgaria. Unlike Boninsegna, he was able to hit it off with the demanding and imperial Luigi Riva. It was a season in which he, the Swansea Town cast-off, made very nearly £75,000.

He lives just outside Rome, on the Via Aurelia. In the city itself, he owns several apartments and a menswear shop, looked after by Connie, his wife. He was also, when I spoke to him in Lazio's *ritiro* hotel, just outside the city, building as a speculation a tennis club with six courts out at EUR, the Roman Exhibition, put up originally by Mussolini. Yet there is reason to believe that he pays several times over for his success and his worldly goods.

In the first place, football is no fun. Certainly he had his ups and downs at Swansea, where, after constant disciplinary fines, he was so poor that he was reduced to stealing milk bottles from neighbouring doorsteps for his breakfast, and to trying to pay his monthly bills at an Italian restaurant by putting money on a horse.

But in Italy, as he says, "I've always got three men that mark me. I enjoy it when I play at home. When I play away, they don't let me play at all."

Denied

After the Naples match in Rome, he claimed that one Naples player, Vavassori, spat at him after he had scored that goal, and that a second, Rimbaldo, threatened to break his leg.

Vavassori angrily denied the charge, but Rimbaldo fervently admitted it. Chinaglia says that there are some games in which he is kicked and spat at "before I went on the field."

Valerio Spadoni (left) of Roma and Mario Facco of Lazio seem to have lost the ball during this Italian league game. Lazio won 1–0.

GIORGIO CHINAGLIA

A profile of Lazio's one-time Swansea cast-off

As the star of a Roman club, and a goal scoring centre-forward, he is *par excellence* a marked man; a cynosure and a target. On the morning of the Naples match, he was spitefully attacked in *La Stampa* by Giovanni Arpino, the novelist whose highly romanticised and subjective approach to football is buttressed by a most un-*La Stampa* like addiction to gossip and pot stirring. Chinaglia, he accused, was leading *la dolce vita* in Rome; "If King Kong Chinaglia prefers an amorous sortie to a dribbling run for goal, he passes out of our sphere of interest."

Chinaglia was, at the time of writing, deciding whether to bring a libel action. My readers may recall that earlier in the season, Arpino was busy fermenting trouble over Giacinto Facchetti and his exclusion from the national team, reproducing certain alleged and quite confidential comments made on the subject by Franco Carraro, formerly President of Milan, now head of the Italian Federal Technical Centre.

It is strange that a novelist of some status should rush in where fools, and habitually scurrilous muck rakers, should fear to tread. Chinaglia will hope to answer with his goals; and, above all, to play against England next June, our first visit to Italy to play the Italians since 1961 . . . the day he had to lock himself in the lavatory.

Roma fail to last the pace

● Continued from page 10

Bologna, less emphatically than Cagliari, have healthily overcome early season catastrophe and appear to be playing to form—middle-of-the-table form, that is. They fell to Cagliari, fell to Juventus. But there was that win over Inter, and most recently a trip to Rome where they took two points away from Helenio Herrera's new-shorn lambs.

Character

Roma have done a Cagliari in reverse, going off like a train in the autumn, only to become stuck in the winter heaviness: ten points less than the Sardinian team in the last eight games, and only one eventual goal. Mujesan remains a problem (his various peregrenations to Bologna, Bari and Verona all suggested a fundamental weakness of both technique and character); and Spadoni cannot have found tough life at the tough top much to his liking.

Pulici put away two goals for Torino against Palermo, which took a genuine striker back onto the summit of the table of leading goalscorers to keep Gianni Rivera company. But Palermo are Palermo; and in their other three games during the month Torino lost to both Sampdoria and Vicenza, could only manage a draw against Ternana.

Tails are down in that particular Torinese dressing-room, especially saddening after some of the magnificent play Giagnoni's team provided last season, the first time for years that the club had been able to hold its collective head high against incessant success on the part of Juventus.

Go down

Palermo, Vicenza, Sampdoria, Ternana—the three who go down at the end of the season may be permed for these teams. But Napoli continue to suffer badly, missing Altafini's goals and with recent defensive tightnesses now very flabby; Verona continue their penchant for sailing close to the wind, eminently forgettable as a team; and Atalanta are where they deserve to be, just a point or two above the nether regions. Of this clutch I still have a soft spot for Vicenza, with Ferrante starting to overcome the problems of injury and Vendrame a newish player of exciting talent.

A better month, taken in the round, than it's predecessor. Milan and Juventus look set to fight it to the finish, and for all the excitement of the shock result and random surprise, they are the two class teams in the championship. Having said which, I'm punch-drunk enough by the sheer illogicality of the Italian game to watch Inter regroup and come again; which is final evidence that the heart has taken control of the mind.

Profile on a young West German star

Breitner — one of the new breed

by ARTHUR ROTMIL

FEW players in Europe have experienced such a meteoric rise to stardom as 21-year-old Paul Breitner, the left back of Bayern Munich and of the German national side. Barely a year ago he was considered as just on the threshold of an international career. But at the end of the season—only his second in first class football—he was already rated world class. And rated, I might add, by responsible and authoritative experts, not by those commentators who cheapen this accolade, notably in Britain, where they regularly "promote" some 30-40 players to "world class" status!

Breitner, who was born on September 5, 1951, joined Bayern Munich in the summer of 1970, straight from the junior ranks of ESV Freilassing, a club which has developed into a nursery for Bayern. He was discovered and groomed by—his father, who is the coach at Freilassing, near Munich. At the end of his first season, Breitner gained his first cap versus Norway at right back. He then replaced the injured Berti Vogts in that position against Poland. But he had to wait until his club colleague Schwarzenbeck was moved to the centre of the German defence, before making the left back spot his own.

Sensational

Breitner's big day dawned last March in Budapest. A sensational goal against Hungary, scored after a brilliant 50-yard run from defence, clinched his place in that vital European Championship quarter-final tie against England at Wembley. And Paul has never looked back since. He now has nine caps to his credit and is a permanent fixture in the side which claimed Europe's crown last June.

You can't miss him on the field of play. With his "afro"-hairstyle and rolled down socks, Breitner symbolises the "avant-garde" of the new breed of German footballers. He is married and has just had a house built in Kind, a suburb of Munich. He already boasted 16 appearances for the national youth team, before joining the star-studded assembly at Bayern.

Finances

Next, he had to complete his army service and though he intends to stay in Munich, Breitner confesses to being attracted by top football in Italy. But at the moment he revels in his newly acquired status of a star player, for whom everything has turned out all right: his form, finances, club contract, family life and his new house.

But there is another side to Paul Breitner, the man. It is a picture of a humanist, who finds time to study teaching because beyond his soccer career he wants to help handicapped children. He is an intellectual, often embarrassed by his leap to riches and whose social and political views are frequently and superficially dismissed as "left-wing".

Perhaps he was influenced by the terrible slum-dwellings in South America and he also witnessed conditions in the socialist states of Eastern Europe, all in the course of his soccer travels. To the pointed question: Would he join a communist party, Breitner says: "Possibly, but not one of those at present in existence. I do not even sympathise with any of the political systems of the East, because I don't think that they represent socialism."

Interesting views from a young man who is about to make his fortune in the "decadent" and capitalistic West. He adds: "When my playing days are over, I should like to get together with a doctor or a welfare specialist and with the money I earned build a kindergarten or a school. You know, the man I admire most is the Czech athlete Emil Zatopek. He had the will-power to give up everything he worked for, rather than sacrifice his ideals. And to have the courage to do and say what one really feels."

Courageous

Breitner's footballing qualities include clever positional play, strength in the tackle, aggressive spirit and a marvellous sense of timing his interceptions. He is only small, but tough, fast and courageous. For this he earns the respect of his team mates, who nevertheless still shake their heads whenever they see the literature he reads. Like works by Marx and Lenin . . . Incidentally, he and his wife are about to adopt another child from one of those Asian countries where the war still rages.

Of the corruption scandals in the *Bundesliga* he says: "It is clearly the fault of our system. When young, impressionable boys are approached with fat wallets—well, I don't know if I could have resisted such a temptation myself. But one can find corruption just as easily in any type of business today."

I have purposely drawn a pen picture of a modern European player, whose image is totally different from that of an average British footballer — without trying to generalise, of course. And there is yet another aspect of the strange character of Breitner. It is said, for instance, that national anthems before matches make him nervous. But he discounts this theory: "I am often misunderstood, though I admit to experiencing peculiar feelings and a certain uneasiness about this. For whom do I play? Well, I suppose partly for myself, but mostly for the country in which I live" —explains the enigmatic Paul Breitner.

Helmet Schon, blooded Paul Breitner at international level when the young Bayern full-back was only 20 years of age.

Night express to Rome (Athens)

Norman Cutler recalls his recent trip to Greece with the Spanish team

AFTER a week's training games almost against allcomers, the Spanish National side travelled by coach to Barcelona Station and caught the Scarlet and Gold decorated 2537 Night Express to Rome for Athens to meet Greece in the World Cup elimination tie. It was a happy party, the team, technicians and VIPs were quietly confident, in spite of a week of alarm, illness and injuries. They realised the importance of the game (a draw was no good), respected the strength of their opposition and knew it would be no walk-over.

In the Leonardo di Vinci Airport, Rome, the Aitalia DC 327 that was to take us on the last leg to Athens was late in arriving, owing to engine trouble in Munich. Everyone was too happy to worry much at the time, except perhaps "Pirri" who doesn't like flying anyway.

In Athens—two hours late—it was intensely cold (colder than Moscow last year) which together with the icy rain that had been falling for three days was discouraging and inconvenient to say the least. Even the usually happy Puskas and Emil Osterrich, Greek and Spanish F.A. welcoming officials and VIPs could hardly raise a smile.

Injuries

There were few fraternal greetings as everyone was in a hurry to reach the Hotel Hilton for gallons of coffee.

The Press, who had been fed with a smoke screen of injuries and illness, were anxious to get the Spanish line-up, which had been changed a dozen times during the previous few days.

Kubala was his usual silent "give away nothing" self and to all line-up enquiries said "Certainly, after I have told the players" then calmly forgot about it until next morning when he handed it out after the morning team conference.

The best news was of the resurrection of Valdez, who had been reported to be suffering from such severe influenza that we were prepared almost for an obituary.

Shocked

Kubala's line-up was:—Iribar, Macias, Gallego, Benito, Violeta, Jose Luis, Amancio, Pirri, Garate, Asensi, Valdez.

Billy Bingham defied public demand and incredibly left out Domazos. Greece's tremendous inside right. His team was: Constantinou, Dimitrou, Glezos, Aghelis, Ziokos, Eletterakis, Sarafis, Koudas, Antoniadis, Papaioannu, Delicaris.

We were shocked when we arrived at the Stadium for it was in no fit condition to play a football match. Puddles everywhere and the mud was two inches deep . . . a club match would have been instantly postponed. The ball hardly ever bounced, most of the players had to pass it on the volley. What a dream pitch Derby County has in comparison!

Greek manager Billy Bingham.

Let others tell you about the game.

Kubala, jubilant and contented, said: "It was Spain's best ever performance away from home, the players all of whom carried out instructions perfectly, deserved all the the praise. We were superior in every department. Valdez had a tremendous game—Amancio was at his best—the only two mistakes the defence made led to goals. We played at the same rhythm throughout and never looked like losing. Valdez (2 goals . . . Pirri, Amancio, Claramont (goal) and Gallego were the outstanding players of our side."

It was all very unfortunate for Billy Bingham. The day before the game he had said in an interview that "Spanish football was in a state of crisis" . . . "and they were not world class". (He must have been reading English newspapers).

Later we learned of the pre-match showdown in the Greek dressing room when Bingham asked Domazos to play Number 11. The veteran said "No! I'll play in my usual place, or not at all."

From the first Spain swept Greece aside with aplomb, strength and superiority. Their two raiders, Valdez and Amancio, were untouchable and harassed the Greek defence with ease. Amancio surprisingly missed an opportunity after ten minutes, then another just outside eighteen yard line a few minutes later. Then Garate shot over the top from ten yards . . . incredible!

Supporters

A third goal by Valdez was disallowed by the referee because he had not blown to resume the play. Spasmodic Greek attacks disrupted the placid Spanish supporters and alarmed the players. It wasn't good football, the ball stuck in the mud so much. Speed and skill were impossible, but gift goals were always threatening.

The second goal by Claramont, who substituted for Garate, was indeed a classic. He picked the ball up from Gallego in Spain's eighteen yard area and ran forward passing Greek after Greek before swinging it out to Amancio, the ball came back from the winger and Claramont shattered both the net and Greek hopes, until they drew level 2-2 . . . then Valdez finalised the score 3-2 during the last few minutes.

Delirium

We arrived back at Barajas Airport and found some 5,000 fans waiting to greet us. They, the players and everyone seemed to have forgotten one thing in their delirium . . . they were not yet through to the World Cup finals. This group will be probably decided by goal average and Spain missed their opportunity by missing too many goals.

Pancho Puskas, whose visit to Spain six days before the International, brought more criticism upon himself during the match. No VIPs were expected, but Puskas arrived as host to the Greek Prime Minister and his wife. Both visited the dressingroom to be presented to the players and journalists.

The Greeks had a word for Valdez, Spain's star player, it was the "Scarlet Pimpernel" . . . i.e. they seek him here, they seek him there, they seek the damned winger everywhere!

STILL TOP C THE BUNDE

FC KOLN (Cologne) celebrated their 25th anniversary as a new organisation on February 13 and whatever happens to them this season in the Bundesliga they will be the top club for points overall since the Super League was instituted in 1963-64. Of course, this is something of a false position because Bayern Munich have a better average in seven seasons compared with Koln's nine before this term, but is a proud record all the same.

And they will still have scored more goals and won more points than any other of their rivals over this period.

Appropriately enough they won their first *Bundesliga* in 1963-64 and were runners-up the next term. Since then their best position has been fourth—on three occasions incidentally. Last term was one of them. Their worst placing has been 13th and their other listings have been fifth, seventh and eleventh.

At international level they have had the second highest number of capped players and total of international appearances—Bayern being top in both categories. At European club level they have competed in all the major competitions, twice reaching the semi-final of the Fairs Cup in 1964 and 1971 and the same stage of the 1969 Cup Winners Cup.

Tribute

All this is history and its pages when turned must be the greatest tribute to the club's former president, Franz Kremer, who for 20 years was a strong advocate of a national league. Koln had to wait until the 1960s for anything like success however.

Founded in 1901, originally as FC Cologne, the club was reconstructed in 1948 and amalgamated with two others —Cologne BC (formed in 1901) and Cologne-Sulz (1907).

In 1960 they reached the final of the old regional championship system, losing 3-2 to Hamburg. Two years later they did better by beating Nurnberg 4-0 in the final with goals from Habig (2), Schafer and Pott. Schafer was the front line ace, despite being a veteran of 13 years experience with the club. He was capped 39 times by West Germany between 1952 and 1962 and was a winger in the 1954 World Cup winning side. In 1963 he was rewarded by being elected Footballer of the Year.

In 1962-63 Koln won the League West with a two-point lead at the top of the table, having lost only one game at home.

They also reached the championship final that term but lost to Borussia Dortmund 3-1 though their place in the *Bundesliga* was assured.

Exception

Oddly enough, in spite of their achievements the team had its problems. The defence was useful enough but the forwards, with the exception of Schafer, were young and inexperienced. Trainer Zlatko Cajkovski, the former Yugoslavian wing-half, made them into a strong well-trained outfit with a high standard of team work. But by the time they had won the *Bundesliga*, Cajkozski had moved on and had been replaced by Georg Knopfle.

In 1968 Koln won the West German Cup for the first time, beating VfL Bochum 4-1 in the final with goals from Ruhl (2), Hornig and Lohr. Hannes Lohr was top scorer in the *Bundesliga* that term with 27 goals. And he is the club's leading marksman with over 100 League goals to his credit.

Experienced

Their most experienced player, however, is Wolfgang Overath, the midfield general now beginning a come-back after injury in the national team; ironically as the man who took over from him, Gunter Netzer, is himself out of action with an injury. Overath has over 250 *Bundesliga* appearances and has won 64 caps for his country. He has played in the 1966 and 1970 World Cup competitions and is now captain of the side at 29.

Another World Cup hero is Wolfgang Weber, best known probably for his equalising goal in the 1966 World Cup Final at Wembley. He has more than 250 *Bundesliga* appearances and at 28 has won 48 caps for his country mostly as a centre defender.

Wolfgang Weber of FC Koln . . . remembered for his goal for West Germany against England in the 1966 World Cup Final.

CLUB IN BUNDESLIGA

Club Focus on 1st FC KOLN by JACK ROLLIN

Mathias Hemmersbach is another survivor from the 1964 championship side, a defender now aged 31 with 11 years service. He has made well over 200 *Bundesliga* appearances.

Last season Koln used 19 players in the Super-League. Only 28-year-old goalkeeper Gerhard Welz played in every game. Three others—left back Harald Konopka (20), midfield player Heinz Simmet (28) and top scored Bernd Rupp who has been transferred to Borussia Moenchengladbach — missed only one outing.

The departure of Rupp with no real replacement has meant that Koln's attacking strength has been weakened and reflected in the inconsistency of the side.

Sweeper

However, there have been up-and-coming stars like sweeper Bernd Cullman (23) who was called up for the national side in the game with Argentina recently. Jupp Kapellmann, a 23-year-old right back, penalty taker and overlap specialist, is the second highest scorer this term and pushing for a senior spot in Schoen's squad, too. Like Lohr he missed only two games last season and is well on song this term.

Heinz Flohe (25) a full international midfield player, Jurgen Glowacz (20) in the same department and forward Paul Scheermann (24) played mostly in the side last season.

Embryo

Currently the new stars include Herbert Neumann (19) an embryo Overath, his namesake Ricardo Neumann, an Argentinian striker, and right winger Rainer Gebauer (21). The staff is completed by reserve goalkeeper Harald Schumacher (19), centre back Josef Blaser (20), full backs Herbert Hein (19 and Heinz-Dieter Schmitz (22) plus forwards Georg Bosbach (19) and Karlheinz Muhlenberg (23). Karl-Heinz Thielen (32) has taken up a post as commercial manager after yeoman service in attack and elsewhere since 1959.

Welz, Kapellmann, Cullmann and Konopka were all in the West German B team which beat Switzerland B 3-1 last November to underline the strength of the Koln defenders. Perhaps now that Overath is back at his best, the attack will hit a more consistent note, but the finding of a marksman to link with Lohr is essential.

Trainers

Running the team these days is Rudi Schlott, a German aged 46, who follows a long line of foregin trainers apart from Cajkovski, including Gyula Lorant (Hungary) and Ernst Ocwirk (Austria).

Schlott inherited a useful team and with a good, young basis to work on, and could well bring a strong challenge to Bayern in the coming months.

The one poor aspect of the present season was hammering dished out to them by Borussia Moenchengladbach in the UEFA Cup when after a goalless draw at home, Koln were thrashed by five clear goals and it was of little consolation that former star Rupp was amongst the marksmen.

Hans Lohr of FC Koln.

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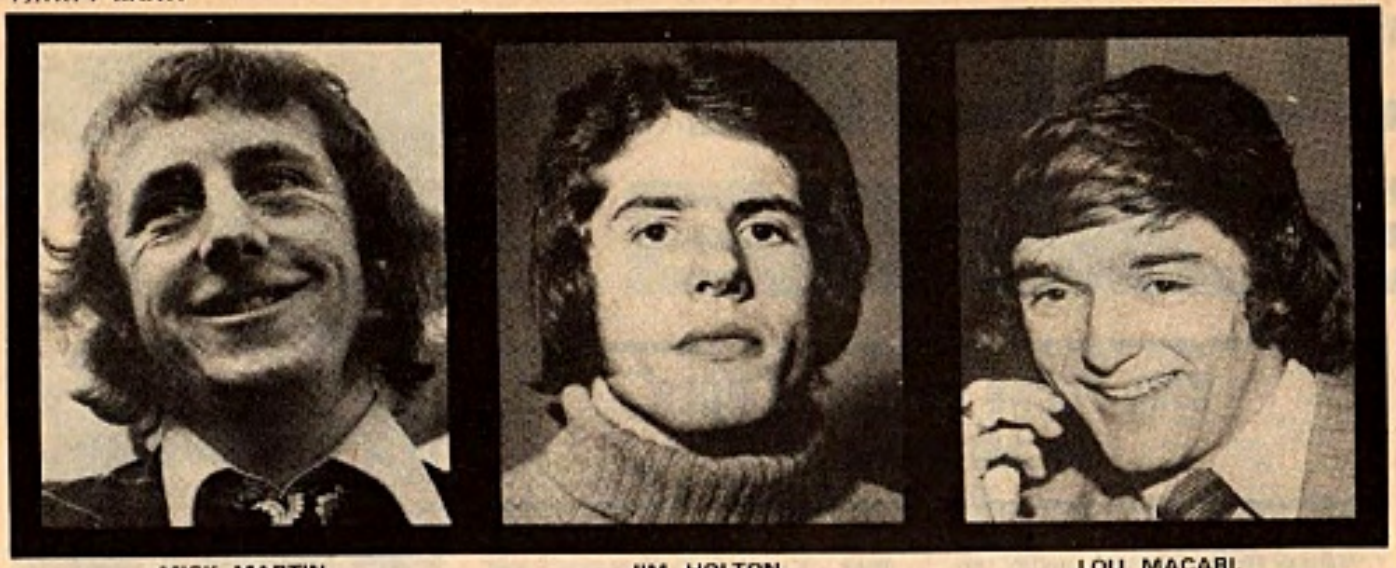

MICK MARTIN. JIM HOLTON. LOU MACARI.

DOCHERTY AND HIS AMAZING SPREE

by ERIC THORNTON

IF it's true that the dear departed regularly survey the happenings below, Harold Hardman must be staggered at Tommy Docherty's amazing spending spree.

The former Manchester United chairman was a man who kept a tight grip on the purse strings, and, rarely in favour of expensive signings, was the quiet power behind the youth build-up plan at Old Trafford, just after the last war.

A quarter of a century ago, this shrewd lawyer who once graced the amateur shirts of England, said to me: "If I didn't watch Matt Busby he'd be spending more than we might be able to afford."

He was most pleased with the right kind of match figures, though I must admit his delight when handing over a printer's proof which revealed the club's first-ever £100,000 profit with the accompanying remark: "These are the kind of figures worth poring over".

Operators

That was fifteen years ago, and since then this world-famous club has gradually joined the rest, and become fairly regular operators in a buyers' market until they have finally gone right through the ceiling.

Now to-day, United, whose assets had lifted it to a special spot among Europe's wealthiest organisations, have slipped down the financial ladder, and are almost certain to be in the red in their next balance sheet.

Most other outfits, of course, would be bust after paying out over a million quid in almost no time at all. Indeed, I doubt whether more than half a dozen others could contemplate such expenditure. Even Arsenal, Liverpool, Spurs, Leeds, Everton or Chelsea would probably call it a day halfway through that figure.

Altogether, these nine signings form the greatest gamble the game has ever known, and simultaneously emphasise the status value of First Division membership in preference to the lower echelons of the Football League.

It's not the first time United have spent big, though never to such degree, and there is no doubt in my mind that the cold, gnawing fear of relegation forced the board to a drastic review of its fiscal policies.

The unfortunate Frank O'Farrell set the ball rolling, but had neither sufficient time nor the necessary backing for his plans to mature, and then Docherty, the rumbustious, broke all records with a remarkable 29-day player expedition.

Fantastic outlay

Despite this fantastic outlay, however, they are still struggling so far as their league position is concerned. Yet not when it comes to support. Oh, dear, no. That's one bright spot.

Every other club similarly placed in the wrong half of the chart would be moaning and groaning about empty stands and terraces, and diminishing cash returns. I clearly remember United's rivals 'across the way' being deserted in the hour of need, just a decade ago. And it was even worse than the oldest supporters had anticipated it would be.

For as the Maine Road outfit slowly slithered down the league ladder and into the Second Division, the match attendances in those awful days of 1963 finally slumped to a shockingly miserable 8,500—on a ground which still boasts the English club record of 84,569.

Nothing like that has happened to United. No sir. Nearly 750,000 queued up to get into their famous Old Trafford headquarters up to the turn of the year. On only four occasions was the crowd less than 40,000. And the match average for seven months of rain, snow, hail, and half gales was just short of 45,000.

Rolling in

So the money's rolling in all the time. Just as it has been rolling out. For after O'Farrell spent £600,000 acquiring Martin Buchan, Ian Moore, Wyn Davies and Ted MacDougall, Docherty called for another cheque book and bought Lou Macari, George Graham, Alex Forsyth, Jim Holton, and Mick Martin for an additional £520,000.

Most experienced prophets stoutly forecast a safe journey to next May, and a resumption of First Division football next August. Almost every club boss takes the same view, obviously believing that with such a gathering of talent no team can be relegated.

That makes sound sense. But sometimes there's no sense in the way in which the future unfolds itself. Certainly, if Manchester United do not escape the big drop there'll be a big query against the wisdom of spending a fortune on lifebelts in the future.

ALEX GORDON reports from Scotland

World Cup the prime target for this year

SCOTLAND celebrate 100 years of International soccer this year. The SFA have been unusually adventurous with their planning for the centenary and teams such as Brazil, West Germany and Italy are expected to visit Hampden to make it a truly memorable occasion.

However, I think the Scots are planning for the wrong occasion. Instead of bringing out the champagne and celebrating our years as an International soccer force (is that the right word?) I think we should be celebrating our coming of age. It has taken Scotland every single day of those years to get out of the maze of mistakes to finally find some direction for our soccer talent.

West Germany 1974 is only one year away and for the first time in what seems an eternity Scotland will almost certainly be there competing in the finals of the World Cup. Czechoslovakia will no doubt have other ideas about that, but new manager Willie Ormond has settled in well since taking over from Tommy Docherty and everything is geared for success in the premier trophy. Anyone who witnessed the victories over Denmark must agree that Scotland won't just be in Germany to make up the numbers . . . and I have no doubt that Scotland will get there.

Vanished

In Denmark, Scotland proved themselves as a good, solid International side. The results leading up to this game were promising, but the spectre of a European Championship defeat there last season still hung over the Scottish fans. However, their fears must have vanished early in the game by the way Scotland started to dictate the play. Space was being made for Peter Lorimer to terrify the goalkeeper with his thunderbolt shooting . . . Willie Morgan was enjoying the freedom of the park . . . Lou Macari and Jimmy Bone were buzzing up front and the defence looked more than capable.

Double-stunner

The entire attitude of the team had changed remarkably from the one which slipped disastrously to a 1-0 defeat in the same stadium the previous season. Once Macari had put Scotland in the lead there was never any doubt about which side was going to collect the points. Bone hammered in another one minute after Macari, but it was after Finn Laudrop had scored for the Danes that Scotland proved themselves as a team of high International standard. They kept cool and refused to be rushed into errors. They settled down in midfield, pushed the ball about and hit Denmark with another double-stunner with goals from Joe Harper and Willie Morgan.

The Scottish fans were delighted with this result, but realistically ex-boss Tommy Docherty told them NOT to expect a goal-feast in the return leg at Hampden. He wanted to make sure of both points and he got them with goals from Kenny Dalglish and Peter Lorimer. The only black mark about this game was the ordering off of Peter Lorimer, who had made such a big impact with the fans. He will not miss the matches against the Czechs, but such is the confidence of the fans that they know now that one player does not make a team. In the past the fans have been downhearted when individuals such as Denis Law and Jim Baxter have had to call off.

Methodical

It has taken 100 years for this attitude to be lost . . . it has taken Scotland 100 years to find a settled International *TEAM*. Tommy Docherty may have had his critics, but he did exceptionally well with the side and former St. Johnstone manager Willie Ormond promises to keep up the good work. The players have started to respect the jersey they wear. I am afraid that some of the players have forgotten that in the past.

The killer instinct has been drummed into the team and they know now when to go in and finish off the job. In the past Scotland have conceded victory when they should have won. Now Scotland are playing good methodical soccer with the professional touch. Scotland's greatest victory in recent years was the 1967 Home International win over England at Wembley when they won 3-2.

It was a victory brought about by individuals rather than team work, though. Jim Baxter and Denis Law could have matched any player in the world that day. They teased and tortured the ragged English defence and were a tremendous inspiration to their team-mates. Too much emphasis was put on that victory and in the very next International match Scotland went down 2-0 at Hampden to Russia. It was obvious then that the magic of Wembley wouldn't be repeated in every match.

Now, thank goodness, things have changed. The team does not rely on individual players and the fans are not so thick that they cannot appreciate the good method play of the side. Certainly they like to be thrilled with action, soccer with splendour. After all, soccer is supposed to be an entertainment and the fans come to be entertained, but they do realise that victory is all-important in today's highly-competitive soccer world.

Refreshing

Scotland's days of half-hearted attempts at soccer's empire are over. The feeble attempts of the past can be forgotten. When Brazil and Co arrive at Hampden they will soon realise just how serious this show-game is to Scotland. The Scots want to win EVERY match and it is this refreshing change of attitude that shows they have grown up in every soccer sense.

It has taken 100 long years, but the Scots have made it. They may be 79 years late in coming of age, but they are making up for lost time at a breathtaking pace. Czechoslovakia will find this out when they meet the new tartan terrors and after that it's on to Munich to keep up the good work.

Roland Ducke, one of the most famous players in the history of Carl Zeiss Jena.

Two clubs dominate scene in East Germany

DURING the early post-war years the game in the Russian occupied zone of Germany virtually stood still and like their counterparts in the west, the Deutsche Demokratik Republik was not allowed FIFA membership until after the 1950 World Cup. By that time the game was back on its knees if not flourishing.

Following the pattern of the post-war game throughout Eastern Europe the Army figured prominently in the re-building of the game with ASK Vorwarts Berlin soon establishing themselves as the leading club side. With national service in the army a chore for everyone Vorwarts, like Honved (Hungary), Dukla (Czechoslovakia) and Steaua (formerly CCA of Romania) had the pick of the country's young talent passing through their hands and many were persuaded to become regulars.

Elsewhere the clubs were based upon industries and industrial plants and in the fifties the evolving game saw Erfurt and Aue as the key centres of football development outside the army. At Aue in the fifties the team revolved around two figures—Manfred Kaiser and Willy Troger, both pillars of the national side of that time. Meanwhile the Army were gathering their strength and by 1958 they were ready for the push that was to bring them more titles than any other club since the DDR's own football league was formed.

LEADING SCORERS

Werner (F'stadt Dresden)	21
Schone (Rot't'n Babelsb'g)	38
Krause (Chemie Leipzig)	27
Weissenfells (L'k. Stendal)	27
Arlt (Rotation Dresden)	26
Satrapa (Wiesmut Aue)	21
Vollrath (Turbine Erfurt)	21
Troger (Wissmut Aue)	22
Lindner (Lok. Stendal)	18
Kaulmann (Vor'ts Berlin)	15
Muller (Carl Zeiss Jene.)	17
Bauchspiess (Ch'mis Zeitz)	18
Bauchspiess (Ch'mie Zeitz)	25
Bialas (SC Empor R'stock)	23
Ducke (P) (Carl Z. Jena)	20
Backhauss (Lok. Standal)	15
Bauchspiess (C. Leipzig)	14
Frenzel (Lok. Leipzig)	22
Rentzch (S'hsnr'g Zwick.)	17
Kostmann (H'nsa R'stock)	15
Kostmann (H'nsa R'stock)	18
Skrowny (Chemie L'ipzig)	12
Kreische (Dyn'mo Dresd'n)	17
Kreische (Dyn'mo Dresd'n)	14

CHAMPIONSHIP SUCCESSES:

FC Vorwarts Berlin	6
FC Carl Zeiss Jena	3
Wiesmut Aue	3
Dynamo Dresden	2
Chemie Leipzig	2
Turbine Erfurt	2
1FC Magdeburg	1
FC Karl Marx Stadt	1
Turbine Halle	1
Horch Zwickau	1
ZSG Halle	1
SG Planitz	1

FA CUP VICTORIES:

1FC Magdeburg	3
SC Chemie Halle	2
FC Carl Zeizz Jena	2
FC Vorwarts Berlin	2
Sachsenring Zwickau	2
Dynamo Dresden	1
1FC Lokomotive Leipzig	1
Waggonbau Dessau	1
EHW Thale	1
Volkspolizei Dresden	1
FC Karl Marx Stadt	1
SC Einheit Dresden	1
SC Dynamo Berlin	1
1FC Union Berlin	1
Chemie Leipzig	1

		P	W	D	L	Goals F.A.	P
1945–46	No competition						
1946–47	No competition						
1948	SC Planitz	Regional leagues and final play off					
1949	ZSG Halls	Regional leagues and final play off					
1949–50	Horch Zwickau	26	20	1	5	69.27	41
1950–51	Chemie Leipzig	*34	22	6	6	66.33	50
1951–52	Turbine Halls	36	21	11	4	80.42	53
1952–53	Dynamo Dresden	**32	15	8	9	51.33	38
1953–54	Turbine Erfurt	28	17	5	6	58.36	39
1954–55	Turbine Erfurt	26	13	8	5	58.25	34
1956	Wiesmut Aue	26	15	8	9	53.21	38
1957	Weismut Aue	26	16	4	6	49.28	36
1958	FC Vorwarts Berlin	26	17	4	5	50.24	38
1959	Wiesmut Aue	26	17	5	4	44.25	39
1960	FC Vorwarts Berlin	26	19	3	4	73.28	41
1961–62	FC Vorwarts Berlin	39	21	8	10	69.49	50
1962–63	FC Carl Zeiss Jena	26	17	5	4	49.22	39
1963–64	Chemie Leipzig	26	13	9	4	38.21	35
1964–65	FC Vorwarts Berlin	26	17	3	6	51.24	37
1965–66	FC Vorwarts Berlin	26	15	4	7	44.27	34
1966–67	FC Karl Marx Stadt	26	14	9	3	39.23	37
1967–68	FC Carl Zeiss Jena	26	17	5	4	61.19	39
1968–69	FC Vorwarts Berlin	26	15	4	7	47.28	34
1969–70	FC Carl Zeiss Jena	26	16	7	3	50.16	39
1970–71	Dynamo Dresden	26	18	3	5	56.29	39
1971–72	1FC Magdeburg	26	17	4	5	48.23	38

Notes:
* After play off 2–0 v Turbine Erfurt
** After play off 3–2 v Wismut Aue

FA CUP FINALS

1948	Not staged		
Waggonbau Dessau	1	Gera-Sud	0
EHW Thale	4	KWU Erfurt	0
1949	Not staged		
Volkpolizei Dresden	3	Einheit Pankow	0
1950	Not staged		
FC Vorwarts Berlin	2	Motor Zwickau	0
FC Karl Barx Staudt	3	SC Empor Rostock	2
SC Chemie Halle	2	FC Vorwarts Berlin	1
1FC Lokomotive Leipzig	2	SC Empor Rostock	1
SC Einheit Dresden	2	1FC Lokomotive Leipzig	1
SC Dynamo Berlin	3	FC Garl Marx Stadt	2*
FC Carl Zeiss Jena	3	SC Empor Rostock	2
SC Chemie Halle	3	SC Dynamo Berlin	1
BSG Motor Zwickau	3	Chemie Zeitz	0
1FC Magdeburg	3	1FC Lok. Leipzig	2
1FC Magdeburg	2	FC Carl Zeiss Jena	1
SC Chemie Leipzig	1	Lokomotive Stendal	0
BSG Motor Zwickau	3	FC Hansa Rostock	0
1FC Union Berlin	2	FC Carl Zeiss Jena	1
1FC Magdeburg	4	FC Karl Marx Stadt	0
FC Vorwarts Berlin	4	1FC Lok. Leipzig	2
Dynamo Dresden	2	BFC Dynamo Berlin	1
FC Carl Zeiss Jena	2	Dynamo Dresden	1

Note: * Re-play after 0–0 draw

Post-war survey . . . by Eric Batty

Vorwarts successes revolved around several international figures including Karl-Heinz Spickenagel, Gunter Wirth and Jurgen Noldner. Later Vorwarts developed more prominent figures in Gerhard Korner, Otto Frassdorf while Noldner remained in action until the early 1970's. Inevitably, however, the other clubs kept pressing for their players to be returned to them and since 1969 ASK Vorwarts Berlin ceased to be a commanding force.

Successful clubs

As the power and influence of Vorwarts declined, two of their Berlin neighbours, BFC Dynamo and FC Union began to establish themselves and the decision was taken to move the Army HQ club from Berlin to Frankfurt. Strangely enough this highlights an unusual aspect of the game in the DDR for elsewhere the heaviest centres of population have invariably produced the best organised and most successful clubs.

But in East Germany football has never flourished in Frankfurt, been subdued in Dresden and only flickered intermittently in Leipzig where the country's biggest stadium has been constructed. With room for 100,000 at Leipzig two clubs have seldom needed more than 25,000 for ordinary club games and the big ground is now almost a Wembley-type structure, reserved for Cup Finals and international matches.

In contrast, clubs with far smaller areas on which to draw both for support and for players followed Erfurt and Aue in gaining success. FC Karl Marx Stadt (formerly Chemnitz) were one such, largely due to the influence and skill of inside forward Dieter Erler. First capped in 1959, Erler was an outstanding figure in the DDR football scene, earning more than 50 caps.

But in recent years two clubs have become increasingly dominant in the domestic competitions—FC Carl Zeiss, formerly known as Motor Jena and Dynamo Dresden. FC Carl Zeiss Jena emerged as the outstanding team of the sixties. With the club system continually under reconstruction and clubs being fused almost everywhere to bring order out of chaos, the factory which produces world famous cameras and optical instruments began to establish itself as a giant in football.

League leaders

Three players stood out in Zeiss's early bid for football fame—the Ducke brothers Roland and Peter and left winger Eberhard Vogel. Later they were joined by Harald Irmscher from Zwickau.

The Zeiss club is still amongst the prominent ones at national and international level but in the last three years Dynamo Dresden have emerged to challenge their leadership. In 1971 the League and Cup double went to Dresden and at the time of writing they are once more league leaders and unbeaten. Their key figure is Hans-Jurgen Kreische who still young could perhaps go on to become the best player the DDR has yet produced.

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GATES SLUMP CONTINUES...

West Germany

by ARTHUR ROTMIL

THE German Bundesliga clubs were compensated for the exceptionally short summer pause with a few weeks break at the turn of the year. They plunged with renewed vigour into the second half of the season, most of them praying for mild weather. For the customary snow, frost and ice, during the winter months, would just about ruin any hopes of improved attendances, which past the half way stage are notoriously poorer. The first half of this term brought, in fact, the lowest gates since the Bundesliga was founded nine years ago. The League mourns the loss of some 700,000 spectators, as compared with the corresponding period of last season.

On average, only 16,967 fans watched the championship games, with an enormous disparity between the top clubs and the rest. Champions and League leaders Bayern Munich reached their record average of 40,942 per match (previous best 30,756 in 1969) which, of course, is partly due to their move into the spacious Olympic stadium. But the next best average, achieved by Fortuna Dusseldorf, was only 24,692, followed by the promoted Wuppertaler SV with 19,755.

Registered

At the other end of the scale, Eintracht Brunseick's figure of 9,323 and the worst of all, Rotweiss Oberhausen's 6,361, are well below the "bread line". Oberhausen's average is easily the lowest ever recorded by a *Bundesliga* club. The startling difference between top and bottom is further underlined by details of these best crowds, which so far clearly exceed any gates registered in the English First Division, for instance: Bayern — Borussia Monchengladbach 72,514; Bayern — Schalke 65,408; and Bayern — Dusseldorf 60,140. Belo. England's top attendance this season (Manchester Utd v. Everton 58,970) were Stuttgart — Bayern 57,702 and Kaiserslautern — Bayern 55,031.

Condensed

At a recent Press conference, Alfred Strothe, an official spokesman for the German Football Federation (DFB), listed the main causes for the slump in attendances. He claims that 50 per cent can be ascribed to a condensed fixture list, immediately following on the Olympic Games, to the decline in fortunes of some famous clubs (as Hamburger SV, Eintracht Frankfurt or Schalke, he probably meant); the rebuilding process in several stadia in preparation for the World Cup, the increased attraction of other sports and other pursuits in leisure time, the public demand for greater comforts inside the grounds and too many new faces in the teams, no longer indentifiable as local(!). Herr Strothe blames the *Bundesliga* corruption scandals at 20 per cent, whilst the remaining 30 per cent he "allocates" to the surfeit of football shown on television.

Hooliganism

Unlike in England, hooliganism or the shortage of goals are not presenting any problems here. The quality of club football is very high and more goals are being scored than ever before. In the 153 matches, 504 goals were scored for an average of nearly 3.3 per game. Last season the English First Division produced an average of only 2.51. Only in 1967 did the *Bundesliga* record *one goal more* than this term! The discipline of players has also shown a favourable trend, as only three men Lehmann (Duisburg), Winkler (Hamburg) and Schmidt (Bremen) had been sent off—the lowest figure on record.

Audience

Nevertheless, just like in Britain, the game is still immensely popular only the fans apparently prefer to follow it from the comforts of their homes, on TV! Soccer was in fact voted the favourite programme on the small screen. No other show in Germany has drawn a bigger TV audience than the England v. Germany European Championship quarter-final tie from Wembley, followed by the Final against Russia from Brussels, with the Olympics down in third place.

But if gates continue to drop in the home of the champions of Europe, what hope of regaining the missing fans can be entertained in other lands?

The overall high standards are best illustrated by Hamburger SV. They stand second from bottom in the *Bundesliga*, but have reached the final of the League Cup. Just before the season started Hamburg defeated England's current contender for the Cup and League "double", Arsenal by 4-0! In their quest for additional revenue, a number of clubs are considering offers of sponsorship. Eintracht Brunswick are the first *Bundesliga* club to accept a contract with a well-known wine and spirits firm.

Bertie Vogts of Borussia Monchengladbach.

Eintracht's players are now wearing on their jerseys a stag's head, which is the emblem of that company, and which symbolises a particular brand of alcohol. And Brunswick are by no means the hardest hit. Hertha Berlin bemoan the gravest crisis of their existence and they may be forced to sell their sports ground in order to discharge their debts!

No such worries for Bayern Munich whose home leg v. Ajax Amsterdam in the quarter finals of the European Cup was a sell out, fully two months before the tie was due to be played! The newly fixed capacity of the Olympic stadium of exactly 75,424, ensures another bumper gate for the Munich outfit. But spare a thought for surely the unluckiest team in the country, Borussia Monchengladbach.

Their injury list stretches back over two seasons, and now they have lost their captain and schemer of the national side Gunter Netzer, who misses at least six weeks with badly pulled ligaments. Consolation for Netzer: His goal against Switzerland was voted the "Goal of the Year" and just to prove he is not just a general, but a marksman as well, Netzer slammed four goals in a 9-3 win over Bielefeld in the League Cup Quarter-final!

News from Hungary ...by LESLIE VERNON

Quiet close season could be a boom

THE quietest close season since the war has come to an end in Hungary. Neither the national squad nor the leading clubs went on tour—unlike last winter, for instance, when there were more Hungarian footballers in Central America than in Budapest.

The reason behind this sudden change of policy is two-fold. The Hungarians no longer command high match fees, and the discredited tour operators (managers) were not contacted. These gentlemen, who make a good living out of arranging friendly matches, habitually book the teams into third-class hotels, send them on long overnight flights, and crowd as many games into the programme as they possibly can.

After the last fiasco, it was decided that a new organisation must be set up, which would be attached to the F.A., for the sole purpose of negotiating foreign tours. But this idea never got off the ground, due partly to inexperience in dealing with such matters, partly to linguistic difficulties.

Hard work

Although the players are disappointed, in my view, the cancellation of these friendlies is a blessing. First, a good rest, then hard work, and easy games against teams from lower divisions is a much better preparation for the important season ahead than earning a few hundred dollars in some banana republic, and living out of suitcases for weeks on end.

Rudolf Illovszky made good use of the availability of the players, and tuned-up the squad with weekly practice matches. Once again, Ujpest Dozsa provide the bulk of the possible team for the World Cup qualifying matches, and I welcome the inclusion of young midfield player Andras Toth and the not-so-young striker Ferenc Bene.

The full squad is: Geczi, Rapp, Fabian, Pancsics, Kovacs, Balint, Szucs, P. Juhasz, I. Juhasz, Kocsis, Toth, Fazekas, Bene, Varadi, A. Dunai, Zambo.

Lean spell

Bene has proved that he is not just an excellent footballer, but also has the guts to shake-off a lean spell. He wasn't himself last summer during the European Championship Finals (cherche la femme—according to gossip), but found his touch early in the autumn.

"I could have performed the usual sulking act when I was dropped," he said, "instead I made up my mind that I must get back into the squad. At 28 my international career shouldn't be over. Luckily the Celtic tie restored my confidence, and getting a few goals in the league also helped."

The national team will only play three games during the spring season, the two vital World Cup matches v. Austria (April 29) and v. Sweden (June 13), and a friendly against E. Germany probably in Berlin on May 16.

The Under-23 team is engaged in their version of the European Championship, and will play Greece twice, and Yugoslavia at home. Russia and Turkey are the group opponents of the Youth Eleven, and the winners will qualify for the annual UEFA tournament, which will be held in Italy this year. The other important event is, of course, the Dozsa v. Juventus Champions Cup tie. Surprisingly, the Hungarians are delighted with the draw, and feel certain that they will reach the semi-finals.

Latin style

Endre Farsang, a club official, said: "We were hoping to be paired with Juventus, because during the last couple of years, we beat other Italian teams, Inter and Roma." Imre Kovacs, manager: "We couldn't have asked for a luckier draw. The Latin style of football suits us, and we haven't got an "Italian-complex"—on the contrary! It is also favourable that the first match is played in Turin."

Pancsics of Ferencvaros and Hungary.

A. Dunai: "We can't complain. Juventus are not in the same class as Ajax or Bayern. It is up to us now to take advantage of the draw." Bene: "I hear that Grabowski picked the names out of the hat. He has got lucky hands, we ought to send him some flowers."

It makes a pleasant change to hear Hungarian players talking in this optimistic vein. They are usually cautious, over-polite, full of self-doubt. That 3-0 win over Celtic must have changed their outlook on life, and injected some much-wanted confidence into them.

New season

The new season opens with three cup rounds late in February, followed by the first league matches on March 4. During the "cucumber season—as the dull, uneventful period is called in Hungary—the sports daily *Nepsport* organised a poll in which readers had to vote for their favourite footballer.

Against all expectations, Jozsef Kovacs, centre-back of the provincial club Videoton, received the greatest number of votes, followed by Bene, with Pancsics third. Kovacs, born April 8, 1949, started his career as an inside-forward, but made the first team as a defender.

His idol is Beckenbauer, and he says that Gerd Muller is the most difficult opponent he ever faced. A talented, likeable young man, Kovacs takes his football seriously, has never had any disciplinary problems, a good "trainer", and fully deserves his popularity with the fans.

NIGERIA TRIUMPH

IF Leeds United had to play five games in eleven days, you can imagine what a fuss the Press would kick-up—let alone Mr. Revie! But five games is what Nigeria's national side needed to win the All-African Games gold medal in Lagos in January. And with the hot, humid weather, annoying dust, and hard but grassy pitches, the Green Eagles took on the best in Africa and beat them in eleven days of interesting, but rarely high quality football.

Eight sides qualified for the Games, and these were split into two groups of four. At Ibadan, some 100 miles north of Lagos, Guinea, Egypt, Congo Brazzaville and Upper Volta played each other once. Guinea, favourites before the Games, emphasised their class by winning all three matches, cracking in 12 goals and conceding four.

Egypt recovered from a 4-1 thrashing in their opening match with Guinea to qualify for the semifinals in second place with good wins over Congo Brazzaville and Upper Volta who took third and fourth places respectively. By all accounts, Guinea had an outstanding forward in Cherif Souleyman who linked beautifully with the dangerous striker Labitaye.

But I was in Lagos, the steamy capital of Nigeria, watching the matches which brought Nigeria, Ghana, Algeria and Tanzania together.

Brand new

After a six hour opening ceremony, the whole of Lagos was on edge for the first big event of the Games—Nigeria v. Ghana, the West African derby match. Some 60,000 people packed in to the brand new and elegant National Stadium to see the Green Eagles take on the famous Black Stars. It was the last time we saw the stadium full until the Final.

I was told that the Ghana squad was flown in from Accra—just an hour away by jet—on the afternoon of the match and came straight to the stadium. With the crowd behind them Nigeria roared in to attack, brilliantly marshalled by their no.9 Ilerika, who plays a Bobby Charlton type role in midfield. He moved the ball swiftly to his wingers Dombraye and Olayambo, who embarrassed the Ghana fullbacks with their speed and aggression.

And by way of a change, Ilerika would run at the defence through the middle using his superb skill on the ball to bite deep into the Ghana penalty area. It needed just seven minutes pressure before Dombraye slotted home the first goal of the competition and a penalty by Tony Igwe, the Nigerian left back, seemed to have the game sewn up. Nigeria had never got the better of Ghana in all their years of rivalry and this was heady stuff for the crowd.

But I was impressed with the skill in trapping and passing of the Black Stars who were without several of their top players, who decided that their clubs (which are very good indeed) merited more loyalty than their country. The calmness of Ghana, coupled with Nigeria's easing up, allowed them to get back into the game.

Oarusu, a strong centre forward, pulled one back before half time and Joe Sam equalised straight from the kick off in the second half. Nigeria came back to life and Njokuand Oyarekhua, a man who loves to shoot grabbed two goals. The first, a back header from a free kick, the second a well taken shot from a shrewd through ball by Ilerika . . . 4-2 the result and the Games could not have started better.

Algeria's small but lively side also notched up a 4-2 win when they beat Tanzania in the second match of the day; Dali scored a hat trick.

Linesman

The next confrontation was two days later. The two unbeaten sides faced each other—Nigeria versus Algeria. For half an hour the game was evenly balanced as Algeria's left wing tried to prise open the Nigerian defence, while Nigeria tried to do the same down their left side.

The Kenyan linesman must have thought it was a national holiday as he waved his flag repeatedly for offside, but when Nigeria's Njoku got past the Algerian back four to score a blatantly offside goal in the thirtieth minute, the referee allowed the goal. The Algerian captain Hadefi Milud asked the ref to speak to the linesman and was ignored.

When he again pointed out that the linesman's flag had been up, the ref showed him the yellow card. The captain ripped it up and was promptly sent off. One-nil up against ten men was too easy for Nigeria who added a second goal through Oyakekhua before sitting back on their lead.

It was noticeable that Ilerika, so hard working against Ghana, was quite out of the game and the Nigerian attack faltered alarmingly. The skilful Algerians gradually gathered confidence and survived the storm of boos for petty fouls to pull back two good goals and equalise. Both goals came from Dali, his fifth and sixth in Lagos, who had a tremendous left foot shot which he rifled home close in from an acute angle—the second a beauty on the volley. And with Ghana beating a brave Tanzania 1-0, the group was still wide open.

With two games in three days under their belts, the amateurs all looked exhausted and their matches on the Friday were both scrappy affairs. Tanzania ran for all they were worth and spoiled manfully in midfield while packing their defence. But Oyarikhua still managed to get through, only to blast four clear chances wide when it seemed easier to score.

They made half a dozen quick raids that had Nigeria's defence worried before going down narrowly in the end, to give Nigeria a semi-final spot against Egypt. The journalists awarded Tanzania the "Fair Play Trophy" for their efforts during the tournament. Ghana took on an exhausted Algerian side who were suffering from stomach troubles and cruised home 1-0. This gave them the dubious privilege of playing the hot favourites Guinea in the other semi-final.

The pace was relentless as the four sides were in action again on the Sunday—their fourth game in seven days. Ghana shocked Guinea by taking the lead but the favourites clinched the match in the second half, winning 2-1 to qualify for four days rest before the final.

It only needed a pep talk from General Gowon and 20 minutes play for the Nigerians to make sure of meeting Guinea. In that short space of time, Olayambo (2) and Oyarekhua put them 3-nil up against Egypt, who to their credit went on playing football, perhaps remembering the home side's tendency to relax when ahead. But three goals is a lot for any side, let alone an Egyptian one that was also feeling the effects of a hard, hot run of matches.

Squash

Nigeria scored again with 10 minutes to go to squash any hopes of a revival, though Egypt did just before the final whistle. So the stage was set, it seemed, for a final that could produce lots of goals from two sides that had high scoring forward lines but shaky full backs.

With some rest and a full house, both sides were expected to close the Gameswith a feast of football. But how often have fans been disappointed over big build-ups? We should have taken a hint from the match for third and fourth place between Egypt and Ghana which ended in a 2-1 win for the Egyptians in a tired and uninspiring game.

The football final was the last event of the Games and would be followed almost at once by the closing ceremonies—both events taking place in the National Stadium. The Guinean team, it was rumoured, had flown home for a pep talk from their president, M. Sekou Toure, between the semi-final and the final.

I do not know what he said to them, but they looked a dispirited side on their first

PAUL WADE reports on the African Games in Lagos

appearance in Lagos. This was not "the best side in Africa" that my journalist colleagues had described, with a flashy attack that used the full width of the field to pull hesitant defences apart.

They spent the first 30 minutes containing the Nigerians and the crowd seemed resigned to a goalless first half when Oyarekhua pounced. He headed for goal from a long throw in, the goalie fumbled it and it rolled over the line. Then Guinea gave up. I've never seen such a lacklustre display from a favoured side.

They did not look as if they were trying, and so it was no surprise when Oyarekhua notched Nigeria's second goal 13 minutes into the second half. I cannot remember a single shot by the celebrated Guinean attack and it was distinctly suspicious to see a side two goals down slowly playing the ball back to the goalkeeper and taking as long as possible over throw-ins and goalkicks.

Referee

I can only imagine that Guinea were overawed, or just plain scared by the baying crowd that poured out onto the pitch to carry their green and white shirted heroes on high when the referee blew the final whistle of the competition with Nigeria 2-0 winners.

In retrospect, Nigeria were boosted by playing at home and when Ilerika played well, their attack led by Oyarekhua did, too. No teams showed any strength in defence but everyone had potential in attack although only Nigeria and Algeria of the teams that I saw had a midfield player who could stamp his authority on a match.

Ghana were a pleasure to watch but their tricky winger, Yaw Sam, stocky and quick, had no one in the middle to finish off his good work. Owusu was slow on the turn and too often was the lone striker in the middle. Ilerika, only two years out of secondary school, and fragile looking, was for me the player of the tournament.

As the competition developed there were many petty fouls, all attributable to the tiredness of the players. For example, a winger would try to sprint past the full-back—but he was not as quick as he thought he would be and the full-back often mistimed his tackle.

The resulting tangle of legs was rarely painful, but did cause some unwarranted flareups. After this gruelling schedule of matches, the World Cup qualifying matches will be easy by comparison.

Hellenic favourites

South African report

THE South African soccer season got underway in mid-January with numerous friendly matches, and the largely insignificant 'Champion of Champions' competition. This competition is played between the winners of the previous season's major trophies. The teams competing this season, are Hellenic, Durban City and Durban Utd. The 'Champions' is unfortunately of little relevance, because the clubs use it for testing out new tactics etc.

Hellenic are the favourites to win this season's league title. They have secured the signatures of five former Hertha Berlin players, at present banned in Germany because of the bribery scandal. The five, Bernd Patzkel (player-manager), Arno Steffenhagen, Volkmar Gross, Wolfgang Gayer, and Jurgen Weber (the first three of whom are Internationals), help give Hellenic—on paper—the strongest squad in the country.

Other members of Hellenic's squad include, Eric Welsh, the former Northern Ireland International. Tony Allen who had 16 years with Stoke City, and Wilf de Bruin, a local lad who topped the goalscoring list last season. Of course, being able to field such a strong side makes Hellenic the side everyone wants to beat, but nevertheless the new signings are more than enough to offset the loss of George Eastham.

Guests

While Hellenic have a fairly settled side already, most other National Football League teams are still trying to secure players from both overseas and South Africa.

Last season's League Champions Durban City are probably the most unsettled club. From the 1972 side they have lost Gayer, Patzke and Enders, as well as Alan Skirton—who has returned to England—and John Watson, now with Charlton, while full back Alex Munro (ex Bristol Rovers), and Les Green (ex Derby) are both on the transfer list.

Alarmed at this state of affairs, manager Johny 'Badgie' Byrne and chairman Norman Elliott travelled to Britain where they signed Tony Potrac from Chelsea, Mike Pentecost from Fulham, and Dug McLachlan from Preston. They also hope to sign Willie Watson from Man Utd, and Willie Stevenson from Stoke. Possible names mentioned for this seasons 'guest star' include Alan Ball and Bobby Moore but nothing definite has been decided.

City's local rivals, last seasons Cup Winners, Durban Utd, have been comparitively inactive. New manager Bill Williams has signed an as yet unnamed centre forward, while a Cypriot International striker by the name of Harry Theocharous has also joined the club. Goalkeeper Tony Burns (ex Arsenal and Charlton) had a row with Utd's controversial chairman, Cyril Murley, and was suspended for six weeks and placed on the transfer list. As his replacement Utd recently signed Micky Rose from crisis club East London Utd.

Other overseas signings include Craig Watson from Morton to Highlands Park, and Bobby Tambling from Crystal Palace to Durban Celtic, who could be this year's surprise team. Usual big spenders Cape Town City have been unusually quiet in the transfer market but are expected to pounce soon.

One sour spot is the financial crisis in which East London Utd find themselves. As I write it is doubtful whether they will be able to compete in this season's league or not. Large transfer fees are not the reason for this club's demise. The fact is that East London is simply not big enough to support a 1st Division side.

A controversial plan by Durban Utd's Cyril Murley for the abolition of the offside rule except in the penalty area is to be tried out in the 'Champion of Champions' and the outcome of this experiment is awaited with interest.,

Bouyant

With this, and the ever bouyant transfer market having kept fans interested during the closed season, large crowds are expected for the start of what should be a very interesting league.

This year's 1st Division sides are; Durban City, Durban Utd and Durban Celtic, Hellenic and Cape Town City from Cape Town, Port Elizabeth City, East London Utd(?), and Maritzburg. While Johannesburg is represented by Rangers, Highlands Park, Lusitano, and Jewish Guild. Pretoria by Ancadia and Beren Park, and the East Rand by Germiston Callies.

All are more than fair sides, and it is with more than usual interest that we await the start of the 1973 season.

Greek hopes shattered!

GREECE

THE hopes of the national side reaching the final stages of the World Cup took another nose-dive when Spain beat them in Athens 3-2. The Spaniards were much more in command than the score suggested and though Mimis Domazos came on as a second-half substitute to score an equaliser 12 minutes from the end, justice was done before the final whistle.

Manager Billy Bingham has been struggling to find a winning combination and even with a slightly more experimental side could only draw at home with Bulgaria 2-2 after being two goals up soon after the start.

Displays

In the League, PAOK Salonika continue to sweep all before them. After 19 matches they have dropped only three points and are still unbeaten. Manager Les Shannon has succeeded in getting together a team which displays craft, grit and speed inspired by their skipper Koudas in attack. The local derby with Aris was watched by more than 40,000 and ended in a single goal victory for PAOK, now hotter than hot favourites for the title.

Their chief rivals, Olympiakos and Panathinaikos, have both had their problems, dropping points in what should have been easy matches for them. Olympiakos were held 1-1 at home by bottom club Omonia from Cyprus and Panathinaikos were similarly held at Volos in a goalless draw. Ferenc Puskas, ever in the news, fined each of his players after this particular event and it produced a 7-1 win over Aris in the next game!

Attendances are remarkably high, too. After 153 matches in the championship a total of 1,826,473 fans have watched the games for an average of 11,939. Olympiakos are still the most popular club with an average of 34,982, PAOK are second with 31,220 and Panathinaikos are third with 22,860. Next best supported club is AEK Athens with 17,460.

Nikos Hristidis of Aris and Greece.

PLAN HITS SNAGS

BELGIUM

EFFORTS to start the fully professional League in 1974-75 are meeting with problems. While it was hoped to have a 22-team league formed with the present 16 teams from the First Division and six from the Second Division, at present only nine clubs — four of them from Division Two have agreed to the idea.

This is a big blow to the prime movers of the scheme, Standard Liege president Roger Petit and his opposite number at Anderlecht, Constant Vandenstock. Among the guarantees being sought are that each club should register a minimum of 13 professionals, get their floodlights up to a required standard and lay down a financial guarantee, too.

But the feeling of the majority is summed up by Racing White's president, Maitre Jean Gooris, who has said: "Yes to professionalism, no to suicide". At present only Standard, FC Bruges, Anderlecht, FC Liege, Antwerp, Olympic, Charleroi SC, Le Gantoise and Daring have agreed.

Plan B is that if three other clubs can be persuaded to join in they will try to run it with a dozen only.

In the championship, Bruges have recovered from a disastrous spell in which they took only three points from four games and are leading with four points to spare over Standard Liege after 20 matches. Bruges even crashed 2-0 to the then cellar dwellers Diest to revive memories of what happened to them when they were five points clear last term at one stage.

Advantage

But with the others failing to take advantage—Standard dropping points and Racing White even losing at home 3-1 to Union St. Gilloise, Bruges have been able to recover. The leaders have been hampered by injury to strikers Ulrik Le Fevre and Raoul Lambert but coach Leo Canjels has been under criticism and could well be on the move at the end of the season.

Only Anderlecht have made up ground to third place and since Kessler left them as trainer results have improved tremendously. His assistant Jan Brouwer also resigned and now Anderlecht are scoring goals freely again.

One of their best games, however, ended in a 0-0 draw against treble-chance specialists Racing White in front of a 30,000-plus crowd. In this game Racing White lost their Dutch winger Pummy Bergholz with a serious leg injury.

Another outstanding individual performance came from Standard goalkeeper Christian Piot who went five League games, one friendly, one cup game and half a match at Wembley without conceding a goal

'Wales have a hope, however distant, that the road to Munich is not closed'

POLAND WANT A POINT

by PETER JACKSON

AFTER ten years as one of the most automatic choices anywhere in international football, it was understandably hard for Terry Hennessey to accept the Welsh decision omitting him from their squad at Wembley in January.

Despite a vow that he will fight to regain his Welsh place, there must be doubts as to whether room will be found for Hennessey when Dave Bowen and Welsh FA selectors meet shortly to name a pool of 16 players for the game against Poland at Cardiff on March 28.

It was indeed Hennessey's misfortune that the game he should miss just happened to bring Wales much more than their first goal in 15 months and their first World Cup point in seven years.

A draw against England, whether it be achieved at Wembley or Ninian Park, tends to be interpreted by the Welsh as something of a moral victory. When all the Principality expects is a severe beating, a draw is indeed quite an event.

Surprise

Hennessey's dropping followed an unhappy match in the back four during England's 1-0 at Cardiff at Christmas. Yet it was something of a surprise that the Derby player did not make the squad of 16, if only at the very least to provide midfield cover.

Wales are much too short of First Division players to dare think of an obituary notice. With their shortage most pronounced in midfield, the question of Hennessey's return will prompt one or two arguments among selectors.

The Welsh success at Wembley has acted as the ideal stimulant for the game against the Poles. Before Wembley, and with memories of that dreadful home defeat by England all too painfully fresh it seemed likely that an angry public would boycott the visit of the Olympic champions.

Significance

It wasn't that the Welsh had suddenly become inhospitable but simply that a long-suffering public had decided that the national team just wasn't worth paying good money to see.

Wembley has changed all that, thrown some significance on the Polish match and offered Wales a hope, however distant, that the road to Munich is not yet closed.

If Wales can't get there, then at least they will have the satisfaction of deciding whether it is to be England or Poland who get through.

The optimists are quick to point out that provided Wales win at Ninian Park later this month (March) and provided Poland beat England in Warsaw in June, then all three countries will be level with three points each and one game left to play.

The Polish coaches who saw Wales contain England will appreciate that a repeat of their strength and spirit will make the Cardiff fixture a difficult one. Clearly they will be satisfied with a point.

The Welsh players believe that a draw against England ought to be worth a home win against Poland. Many of them argue that just such a win will prove that they really deserved more credit than they got for their performance against England.

As one player put it: "Everyone was too busy knocking Sir Alf and the England players to be bothered to even think about how well we had done."

England's manager will be in Cardiff for another look at Poland whom he saw win the Olympic title in Munich. Certainly Wales will do him a favour by producing their first win in a World Cup qualifying series since their 2-1 triumph over Russia in 1965.

Steve Aizlewood, at 20 one of the League's best centre half prospects, is almost certain to take over from the injured Ian Evans in the Welsh team for the Under 23 match against Scotland at Swansea on March 14.

Hat-trick

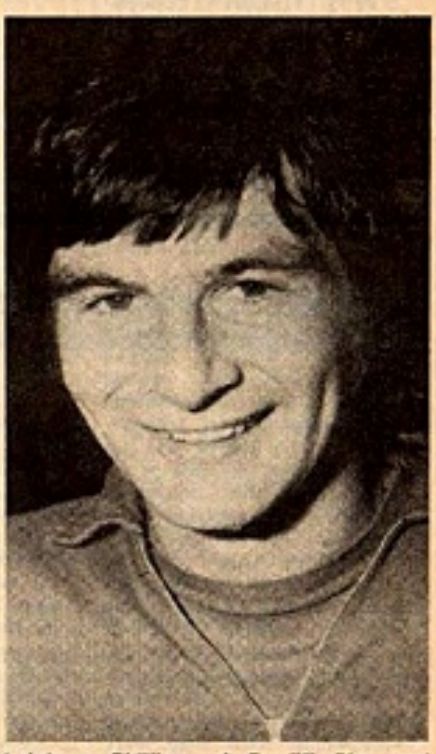
Evans, one of 12 Anglos unearthed by Wales within the last two years, played against England last November when Malcolm Macdonald helped himself to a hat-trick. Since then Evans broke a leg while training with his Queen's Park Rangers colleagues and Aizlewood is the logical replacement.

A strapping defender whose consistency has been a major factor behind the stirring revival of Fourth Division Newport County, Aizlewood has been the object of a £25,000 bid from Brighton and sustained interest from Crystal Palace and Coventry.

While the Under 23's suffered from what seems to be a national dearth of midfield and front players, there's no shortage of promising defenders, among them Cardiff's Phill Dwyer who deserves an Under 23 baptism this month (March).

David Goldstone, the London property developer who became Cardiff's chairman last October, underlined his growing commitment to Welsh football by winning a three-cornered contest for election to the Welsh F.A.

He becomes the first Cardiff director for more than ten years to take a seat on the governing body's council. And that seems certain to produce a better relationship between the Welsh F.A. and the Principality's biggest club.



Leighton Phillips, of Cardiff City and Wales.

Results...dates...tables...res

WM 74

AFRICA

First preliminary round

Group 1

19.11.72 Morocco 0, Senegal 0
3.12.72 Senegal 1, Morocco 2

Group 2

2. 3.72 Algeria 1, Guinea 0
12. 3.72 Guinea 5, Algeria 1

Group 3

8.12.72 AR Egypt 2, Tunisia 1
17.12.72 Tunisia 2, AR Egypt 0

Group 4

15.10.72 Sierra Leone 0, Ivory Coast 1
29.10.72 Ivory Coast 2, Sierra Leone 0

Group 5

16. 7.72 Kenya 2, Sudan 0
23. 7.72 Sudan 1, Kenya 0

Group 6

Mauritius v. Madagascar
Madagascar v. Mauritius
Madagascar withdrew

Second Preliminary Round

Kenya 3, Mauritius 1
Mauritius 2, Kenya 2

Group 7

25.11.72 Ethiopia 0, Tanzania 0
3.12.72 Tanzania 1, Ethiopia 1
Play-off Ethiopia 3, Tanzania 0

Group 8

30. 4.72 Lesotho 0, Zambia 0
4. 6.72 Zambia 6, Lesotho 1

Group 9

5. 8.72 Nigeria 2, Congo Brazza. 1
15. 8.72 Congo Brazza. 1, Nigeria 1

Group 10

18. 6.72 Dahomey 0, Ghana 5
2. 7.72 Ghana 5, Dahomey 1

Group 11

6. 6.72 Togo 0, Zaire 0
20. 6.72 Zaire 4, Togo 0

Group 12

Cameroons v. Gabon
Gabon v. Cameroons
Gabon withdrew

Second Preliminary Round

11. 2.73 Guinea v. Morocco
25. 2.73 Morocco v. Guinea
11. 2.73 Tunisia v. Ivory Coast
25. 2.73 Ivory Coast v. Tunisia
10.12.72 Mauritius 1, Kenya 3
17.12.72 Kenya 2, Mauritius 2
8. 4.73* Zambia v. Ethiopia
29. 4.73* Ethiopia v. Zambia
*provisional
10. 2.73 Nigeria v. Ghana
25. 2.73 Ghana v. Nigeria
4. 2.73 Cameroon v. Zaire
25. 2.73 Zaira v. Cameroon

CONCACAF

First preliminary round

Group 1

20. 8.72 Canada 3, USA 2
24. 8.72 Canada 0, Mexico 1
29. 8.72 USA 2, Canada 2
3.10.72 Mexico 3, USA 1
6.10.72 Mexico 2, Canada 1
10.10.72 USA 1, Mexico 2

Group 2

3.12.72 Guatemala 1, El Salvador 0
10.12.72 El Salvador 0, Guatemala 1

Group 3

3.12.72 Honduras 2, Costa Rica 1
10.12.72 Costa Rica 3, Honduras 3

Group 4

11. 6.72 Jamaica v. Neth. Antilles
Neth. Antilles v. Jamaica
Jamaica withdrew

Group 5

15. 4.72 Haiti 7, Puerto Rico 0
26. 9.72 Puerto 0, Haiti 5

Group 6

26.11.72 Surinam 1, Trinidad 2
30.11.72 Trinidad 1, Surinam 1
10.12.72 Surinam 3, Antigua 1
3.12.72 Antigua 0, Surinam 6
10.11.72 Trinidad 11, Antigua 1
19.11.72 Antigua 1, Trinidad 2

EUROPE

Group 1

14.11.71 Malta 0, Hungary 2
30. 4.72 Austria 4, Malta 0
6. 5.72 Hungary 3, Malta 0
25. 5.72 Sweden 0, Hungary 0
10. 6.72 Austria 2, Sweden 0
15.10.72 Sweden 7, Malta 0
15.10.72 Austria 2, Hungary 2
25.11.72 Malta 0 v. Austria 2
29. 4.73 Hungary v. Austria
24. 5.73 Sweden v. Austria
13. 6.73 Hungary v. Sweden
11.11.73 Malta v. Sweden

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Austria	4	3	1	0	10	2	7
Hungary	4	2	2	0	7	2	6
Sweden	3	1	1	1	7	2	3
Malta	5	0	0	5	0	18	0

Group 2

8.10.72 Luxembourg 0, Italy 4
21.10.72 Switzerland 0, Italy 0
22.10.72 Luxembourg 2, Turkey 0
10.12.72 Turkey 3, Luxembourg 0
13. 1.73 Italy 0, v. Turkey 0
25. 2.73 Turkey v. Italy
31. 3.73 Italy v. Luxembourg
8. 4.73 Luxembourg v. Switzerland
9. 5.73 Switzerland v. Turkey
26. 9.73 Switzerland v. Luxembourg
20.10.73 Italy v. Switzerland
18.11.73 Turkey v. Switzerland

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Italy	5	1	2	0	4	0	4
Turkey	5	1	1	1	3	2	3
Luxembourg	5	1	0	2	2	7	2
Switzerland	1	0	1	0	0	0	1

PAUL GARDNER'S report from Brazil

Continued from page 19

The same pattern is now beginning to take shape in American soccer; the North American Soccer League recently held its second annual draft of college players. This sort of arrangement may be a long way off for Brazil, but it seems pretty clear that the combined pressures of inflation and increased education will force clubs into a more active role in looking for talent. The *dia de peneira* will no doubt continue, but it will be supplemented by more active and organised scouting.

Says Mazzei: "Brazilian clubs are now in transition from being what they were 20 years ago, when they could sit back and wait for the boys to come to them, to being clubs that go out and actively recruit. I don't think that most clubs full realise the change that is going on. Think—in 1971 we had the first National Championship, with 20 teams. Last year there were 26. This year there may be 32. This means that a boy can now earn good money with a club like Ceara — he doesn't have to go to Rio or Sao Paulo any more."

One is left pondering the possibility that may be hidden by all the more obvious changes. Will this coming accent on a more organised structure for soccer mean earlier coaching for Brazilian boys? And if it does, will that mean the disappearance of all the flair and the improvisation and the individuality that are the glory of Brazilian football? Under such a system, what would have happened to, say, Carlos Alberto (who doesn't really head the ball properly), or Gerson (that dummy right foot?), or Ademir da Guia (whose running style is guaranteed to make coaches blanche)?

And what would have happened to Baba? Would he have been the better or the worse for early coaching? For my part, I think Baba would probably have been a better *all-round* player . . . but I wonder what would have happened to the brilliant, sudden unorthodox *personal* touches that make his play such a joy. The touches that make Brazilian soccer such a joy . . . what will happen to them?

ults...dates...tables...results

WM 74

Group 3

18. 5.72	Belgium 4, Iceland 0
22. 5.72	Iceland 0, Belgium 4 (In Belgium)
2. 8.72	Norway 4, Iceland 1
4.10.72	Norway 0, Belgium 2
1.11.72	Netherlands 9, Norway 0
19.11.72	Belgium 0 v. Netherlands 0
2. 8.73	Iceland v. Norway
22. 8.73	Netherlands v. Iceland
29. 8.73	Iceland v. Netherlands (In Netherlands)
12. 9.73	Norway v. Netherlands
31.10.73	Belgium v. Norway
18.11.73	Netherlands v. Belgium

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Belgium	4	3	1	0	10	0	7
Netherlands	2	1	1	0	9	0	3
Norway	3	1	0	2	4	12	2
Iceland	3	0	0	3	1	12	0

Group 4

21. 6.72	Finland 1, Albania 0
20. 9.72	Finland 1, Rumania 1
7.10.72	East Germany 5, Finland 0
29.10.72	Rumania 2, Albania 0
8. 4.73	East Germany v. Albania
6. 5.73	Albania v. Rumania
27. 5.73	Rumania v. East Germany
6. 6.73	Finland v. East Germany
26. 9.73	East Germany v. Rumania
10.10.73	Albania v. Finland
14.10.73	Rumania v. Finland
3.11.73	Albania v. East Germany

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Rumania	2	1	1	0	3	1	3
Finland	3	1	1	1	2	6	3
East Germany	1	1	0	0	5	0	2
Albania	2	0	0	2	0	3	0

Group 5

17.10.73	England v. Poland
15.11.72	Wales 0 v. England 1
24. 1.73	England 1 v. Wales 1
28. 3.73	Wales v. Poland
6. 6.73	Poland v. England
26. 9.73	Poland v. Wales

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
England	2	1	1	0	2	1	3
Wales	2	0	1	1	1	2	1
Poland	0	0	0	0	0	0	0

Group 6

29. 3.72	Portugal 4, Cyprus 0
10. 5.72	Cyprus 0, Portugal 1
18.10.72	Bulgaria 3, Northern Ireland 0
19.11.72	Cyprus 0 v. Bulgaria 4
14. 2.73	Cyprus v. Northern Ireland
28. 3.73	Northern Ireland v. Portugal
2. 5.73	Bulgaria v. Portugal
9. 5.73	Northern Ireland v. Cyprus
26. 9.73	Northern Ireland v. Bulgaria
13.10.73	Portugal v. Bulgaria
14.11.73	Portugal v. Northern Ireland
18.11.73	Bulgaria v. Cyprus

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Bulgaria	2	2	0	0	7	0	4
Portugal	2	2	0	0	5	0	4
N. Ireland	1	0	0	1	0	3	0
Cyprus	3	0	0	3	0	9	0

Group 7

19.10.72	Spain 2, Yugoslavia 2
18.11.72	Yugoslavia 1 v. Greece 0
17. 1.73	Greece 2 v. Spain 3
21. 2.73	Spain v. Greece
21.10.73	Yugoslavia v. Spain
19.12.73	Greece v. Yugoslavia

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Yugoslavia	2	1	1	0	3	2	3
Spain	2	1	1	0	5	4	3
Greece	2	0	0	2	2	4	0

Group 8

18.10.72	Denmark 1, Scotland 4
15.11.72	Scotland 2 v. Denmark 0
2. 5.73	Denmark v. Czechoslovakia
6. 6.73	Czechoslovakia v. Denmark
26. 9.73	Scotland v. Czechoslovakia
17.10.73	Czechoslovakia v. Scotland

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Scotland	2	2	0	0	6	1	4
Denmark	2	0	0	2	1	6	0
Czechoslovakia	0	0	0	0	0	0	0

Group 9

13.10.72	France 1, USSR 0
18.10.72	Eire 1, USSR 2
15.11.72	Eire 2 v. France 1
13. 5.73	USSR v. Eire
19. 5.73	France v. Eire
26. 5.73	USSR v. France

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
France	2	1	0	1	2	2	2
USSR	2	1	0	1	2	2	2
Eire	2	1	0	1	3	3	2

SOUTH AMERICA

Group 1

21. 6.73	Colombia v. Ecuador
24. 6.73	Colombia v. Uruguay
28. 6.73	Ecuador v. Columbia
1. 7.73	Ecuador v. Uruguay
5. 7.73	Uruguay v. Colombia
8. 7.73	Uruguay v. Ecuador

Group 2

2. 9.73	Bolivia v. Paraguay
9. 9.73	Argentina v. Bolivia
16. 9.73	Paraguay v. Argentina
23. 9.73	Bolivia v. Argentina
30. 9.73	Paraguay v. Bolivia
7.10.73	Argentina v. Paraguay

Group 3

31. 3.73	Venezuela v. Peru
12. 4.73	Peru v. Venezuela
15. 4.73	Chile v. Venezuela
24. 4.73	Venezuela v. Chile
3. 5.73	Chile v. Peru
17. 5.73	Peru v. Chile

Classified results ... European details ... league tables ... Classified

JANUARY 13

Italy (0) 0
Turkey (0) 0

Italy: Zoff; Burgnich, Bellugi, Spinosi, Marchetti, Capello, Agroppi, Causio, Chinaglia (Anastasi), Rivera, Riva.

Turkey: Sebri; Muraller, Mehmet II, Bulent, Ozcer, Zakeriya, Fuat (Koksal), Ziya, Metin, Mehmet I, Cemil (Osman).

Greece (2) 2 (Sarafis, Elefterakis)
Bulgaria (2) 2 (Petkov, Bonev)

Greece: Konstantinou; Pallas, Poskas (Kepas), Stokos, Angelis, Syrotopoulos (Terzanidis), Sarafis, Elefterakis (Aslanidis), Koudas (Dodos), Antoniadis, Mavros.

Bulgaria: Stankov; Velichkov, Yanos, Koiev, Stankov, Bonev, Penev, Stoyanov, Vassilev (Kirov), Petkov, (Dumitrov), Denev.

FEBRUARY 4

Mexico (2) 2 (Borja, Bustos)
Argentina (0) 0

Mexico: Brambila; Bermudez, Guzman, Hernandez, Perez, De la Torre, Delgado, Victoriso (Lopez Salgado), Bustos, Borja (Chavarin), Cuellar (Rada).

Argentina: Carnevali, Wolff, Buzzo, Heredia, Rol (Pe nia), Brindisi, Telch, Alfonso (Ghiso), Ponce, Avallay (Morete), Chazarreta (Rebergten).

JANUARY 17

Greece (0) 2 (Koudas, Domazos)
Spain (1) 3 (Valdez 2, Claramunt)

Greece: Kostantinou; Dimitriou, Glezos, Stokos, Angelis, Sarafis, Elefterakis, Delikaris (Domazos), Koudas, Antoniadis, Papaioannou (Asfandis).

Spain: Iribar; Maciat (Quim), Gallego, Violeta, Benito, Jose Luis, Perri, Asensi, Amancio, Garate (Claramunt), Valdez.

JANUARY 24

England (1) 1 (Hunter)
Wales (1) 1 (Toshack)

England: Clemence; Storey, Hughes, Hunter, McFarland, Moore, Keegan, Bell, Chivers, Marsh, Bell.

Wales: Sprake; Rodrigues (Page), Thomas, Hockey, England, Roberts, Evans, Mahoney, Toshack, Yorath, James.

FEBRUARY 14

Scotland (0) 0
England (3) 5 (Clarke 2, Chivers, Channon, Lorimer og)

Scotland: Clarke; Forsyth, Donnachie; Brenner, Colquhoun, Buchan; Lorimer, Macari, Dalglish, Graham, Morgan (Stein).

England: Shilton; Storey, Hughes; Bell, Madeley, Moore; Hall, Channon, Chivers, Clarke, Peters.

Classified results ... European details ... league tables ... Classifie

TUNISIA

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Esperance	**14**	**8**	**4**	**2**	**19**	**7**	**34**
CS Sfax	14	8	4	2	26	13	34
COT	14	6	7	1	14	7	33
Club Africain	14	6	6	2	15	10	32
Etoile Sahel	14	7	4	3	24	13	32
CA Bizerte	14	6	4	4	21	12	30
AS Marsa	14	5	4	5	12	15	28
EM Mahdia	14	3	6	5	14	14	27
Sfax RS	14	5	4	5	13	12	27
JS Kerouan	14	4	3	7	15	20	25
Stade Tunisien	14	3	4	7	9	17	24
US Monastir	14	3	3	8	6	18	23
CS Hammam Lif	14	2	5	7	14	21	23
US Maghrebine	14	2	3	9	12	27	21

LUXEMBOURG

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Jeunesse D'Esch	**16**	**1**	**2**	**1**	**51**	**15**	**28**
Rumelange	16	7	6	3	26	19	20
Union	15	6	7	2	36	25	19
Fola	16	7	5	4	34	21	19
Etzella Ettelbruck	16	6	6	4	34	34	18
Red Boys	15	6	3	6	34	27	15
Aris	15	5	5	5	18	21	15
Avenir	17	5	4	8	25	38	14
The National	15	4	5	6	23	19	13
Spora	17	4	5	8	24	32	13
Tetingen	16	3	4	9	22	43	10
Sporting	16	2	2	12	19	52	6

ALGERIA

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
NAAHD	**14**	**6**	**8**	**0**	**15**	**6**	**34**
MC Alger	15	8	3	4	28	16	34
Bel Abbes	14	7	4	3	20	12	32
MC Oran	15	5	7	3	21	13	32
JSK	14	6	7	2	18	14	31
ES Setif	15	7	2	6	14	12	31
Annaba	15	6	3	6	15	16	31
Blida	15	5	6	4	21	21	31
NAR Alger	14	6	3	5	21	12	29
MO Constant	15	6	2	7	15	17	29
CS Constant	14	4	6	5	13	17	29
ASM Oran	14	5	4	5	15	20	28
JSM Tiaret	14	4	4	6	12	15	26
GC Mascara	14	3	6	5	10	20	26
CR Belcourt	14	3	3	8	10	21	23
CR Jijel	15	1	3	11	19	26	20

MOROCCO

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Fes	**18**	**10**	**5**	**3**	**20**	**12**	**43**
Kenitra	18	7	9	2	26	18	41
El Jadida	18	8	6	4	18	12	40
WAC	18	7	7	4	17	14	39
TAS	18	7	6	5	23	20	38
FUS	18	5	10	3	17	14	38
Mohammedia	18	7	5	6	28	23	37
Oujda	17	7	4	6	18	14	35
Rasa	17	5	7	5	21	23	34
Kheniset	18	4	8	6	12	14	34
Beni Mellal	18	5	6	7	13	20	34
FAR	18	3	9	16	16	20	33
ADM	18	5	4	9	14	17	32
Settat	18	3	8	7	14	18	32
Sidi Kacem	18	4	6	8	15	25	32
Youssoufia	18	4	4	10	11	21	30

EIRE

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Waterford	**18**	**14**	**2**	**2**	**49**	**13**	**30**
Finn Harp	18	13	2	3	31	11	28
Bohemians	18	11	4	3	33	20	26
Cork Hibernians	17	10	5	2	38	12	25
Shamrock Rovers	18	9	4	5	27	20	22
Athlone	18	8	3	7	23	21	19
St. Patrick's	17	5	6	6	23	29	16
Shelbourne	18	6	4	8	39	30	16
Limerick	18	5	5	8	22	20	15
Sligo Rovers	18	6	2	10	19	37	14
Cork Celtic	18	5	2	11	19	34	12
Drumcondra	18	3	5	10	17	48	11
Dundalk	18	2	5	11	12	30	9
Drogheda	18	0	7	11	15	39	7

NORTHERN IRELAND

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Crusaders	**12**	**7**	**3**	**2**	**32**	**10**	**17**
Coleraine	10	7	1	2	29	12	15
Glenavon	11	6	2	3	18	14	14
Ards	10	5	3	2	26	11	13
Glentoran	11	6	1	4	29	16	13
Portadown	10	4	4	2	15	13	12
Distillery	12	4	3	5	23	31	11
Linfield	11	4	1	6	16	21	9
Ballymena	11	3	3	5	12	18	9
Bangor	11	2	4	5	15	16	8
Cliftonville	11	3	1	7	12	39	7
Larne	12	1	2	9	14	40	4

PORTUGAL

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Benfica	**20**	**20**	**0**	**0**	**68**	**10**	**40**
Belenenses	20	11	8	1	41	19	30
Sporting Lisbon	21	10	4	7	41	23	24
Setubal	20	9	5	6	41	18	23
Boavista	20	9	5	6	31	24	23
Porto	20	9	4	7	30	18	22
Guimaraes	20	8	6	6	29	23	22
Lusitano	20	9	4	7	19	25	22
CUF Barreiro	20	8	5	7	25	25	21
Montijo	20	6	4	10	18	23	16
Barreirense	20	5	5	10	28	45	15
Farense	20	4	7	9	17	36	15
Coimbra	20	4	5	11	16	38	13
Beira-Mar	20	1	7	10	15	37	13
Tomar	20	5	3	12	19	46	13
Atletico	21	2	6	13	23	41	10

GREECE

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
PAOK Salonika	**19**	**16**	**3**	**0**	**43**	**12**	**54**
Olympiakos Piraeus	19	14	4	1	42	6	51
Panathinaikos	19	14	3	2	50	12	50
Panachaiki	19	8	9	2	23	11	44
AEK Athens	19	8	8	3	22	18	43
Panionios	19	7	7	5	25	13	40
Ethnikos	19	7	7	5	20	16	40
Kavala	19	6	6	7	19	22	33
Aris Salonika	19	6	6	7	18	21	37
Iraklis	19	5	7	7	22	25	36
Aigaleo	19	7	3	9	20	32	36
Atromitos	19	4	7	8	6	23	34
Panserraikos	19	2	10	7	14	24	33
Kalamata	19	3	7	9	13	24	32
Fostir	19	5	3	11	12	26	32
Olympiakos Volos	19	4	5	10	16	33	32
Trikala	19	2	4	13	8	29	27
Ionionia	19	1	5	13	16	42	26

FRANCE

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Nice	**23**	**13**	**7**	**3**	**50**	**25**	**33**
Nantes	23	13	6	4	38	21	32
Olympique Marseille	23	12	5	6	42	22	29
Nimes	23	11	7	5	30	20	29
St. Etienne	23	10	7	6	40	29	27
Nancy	22	10	6	6	35	29	26
Lyon	23	10	6	7	38	37	26
Bastia	23	10	5	8	37	23	25
Metz	21	9	6	8	27	34	24
Angers	22	9	5	8	30	31	23
Reims	23	7	7	9	27	32	21
Strasbourg	23	5	11	7	28	34	21
Rennes	22	7	6	9	29	32	20
Sochaux	23	7	6	10	30	37	20
Bordeaux	22	6	7	9	32	33	19
Red Star Paris	23	5	7	11	20	31	17
Sedan	23	6	5	12	30	46	17
Paris	23	5	6	12	30	39	16
Valenciennes	23	5	6	12	23	35	16
Ajaccio	23	5	5	13	21	47	15

HOLLAND

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Feyenoord	**21**	**18**	**2**	**1**	**55**	**13**	**38**
Ajax	21	18	0	3	70	12	36
Sparta	21	15	3	3	59	17	33
Twente	21	11	5	5	27	16	27
MVV Maastricht	21	10	5	6	33	23	25
Den Haag	21	9	7	5	29	23	25
PSV Eindhoven	21	8	5	8	29	25	21
Amsterdam	21	7	6	8	27	29	20
Telstar	21	8	3	10	24	33	19
NEC Nijmegen	21	6	6	9	22	31	18
Utrecht	21	7	4	10	27	39	18
NAC Breda	21	5	7	9	20	34	17
Haarlem	21	5	6	10	21	32	16
Groningen	21	3	10	8	20	35	16
AZ 67	21	5	5	11	23	43	15
Go Ahead	21	4	5	12	19	34	13
Den Bosch	21	2	7	12	10	38	11
Excelsior	21	2	6	13	6	44	10

SPAIN

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Barcelona	**21**	**12**	**7**	**2**	**27**	**10**	**31**
Espanol	21	10	8	3	32	17	28
Real Madrid	21	12	3	6	29	15	27
Atletico Madrid	21	11	5	5	27	17	27
Malaga	21	9	6	6	26	15	24
Real Sociedad	21	10	3	8	28	29	23
Real Zaragoza	21	7	7	7	21	21	21
Granada	21	7	7	7	17	18	21
Valencia	21	6	8	7	24	21	20
Atletico Bilbao	20	7	6	7	25	24	20
Castellon	21	8	4	9	21	25	20
Las Palmas	21	7	4	10	24	32	18
Real Betis	21	5	7	9	17	21	17
Gijon	20	6	4	10	18	21	16
Celta Vigo	21	5	6	10	15	23	16
Oviedo	21	4	8	9	19	30	16
Coruna	21	4	8	9	12	29	16
Burgos	21	5	5	11	21	35	15

BELGIUM

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
FC Bruges	**20**	**13**	**5**	**2**	**38**	**17**	**31**
Standard Liege	20	10	7	3	26	13	27
Anderlecht	20	10	6	4	37	20	26
Racing White	20	7	11	2	27	11	25
FC Malines	20	8	8	4	28	21	24
Beerschot	20	9	4	7	25	23	22
CS Bruges	20	7	7	6	27	32	21
Lierse SK	20	7	7	6	27	32	21
Berchem	20	6	8	6	17	10	20
Antwerp	20	8	3	9	27	25	19
Liege	20	6	7	7	17	20	19
Beringen	20	5	7	8	18	26	17
Union St. Gilloise	20	4	7	9	13	24	15
St. Trond	20	2	9	9	14	26	13
Diest	20	4	2	14	18	38	10
Crossing	20	2	6	12	10	31	10

ENGLAND

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Arsenal	**30**	**17**	**8**	**5**	**42**	**27**	**42**
Liverpool	29	17	7	5	52	31	41
Leeds United	28	16	7	5	50	29	39
Ipswich Town	28	13	10	5	39	28	36
Newcastle United	29	12	8	9	47	38	32
Derby County	29	13	6	10	36	40	32
West Ham United	29	11	8	10	49	39	30
Manchester City	28	11	7	10	40	40	29
Southampton	29	8	13	8	29	30	29
Chelsea	28	9	10	9	39	37	28
Wolverhampton	27	11	6	10	40	39	28
Coventry City	28	10	8	10	30	31	28
Tottenham Hotspur	28	10	7	11	36	34	27
Everton	28	9	8	11	28	26	26
Leicester City	29	8	9	12	34	40	25
Sheffield United	28	9	6	13	31	43	23
Norwich City	29	8	7	14	26	43	23
Manchester United	29	6	10	13	28	45	22
Crystal Palace	27	6	9	12	29	34	21
Birmingham City	28	6	9	13	33	44	21
Stoke City	27	6	8	13	38	41	20
West Bromwich Albion	27	6	7	14	24	41	19

SCOTLAND

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Rangers	**24**	**17**	**3**	**4**	**48**	**22**	**37**
Celtic	22	16	3	3	59	23	35
Hibernian	22	15	3	4	58	21	33
Dundee United	23	14	1	8	43	36	29
Dundee	23	11	6	6	40	27	28
Aberdeen	22	10	7	5	41	26	27
Ayr United	24	10	6	8	35	42	26
Hearts	23	11	3	9	33	32	25
East Fife	24	10	2	12	36	42	22
St Johnstone	21	6	8	7	35	38	20
Motherwell	23	7	6	10	27	36	20
Falkirk	23	5	10	8	28	38	20
Partick Thistle	24	8	3	13	31	39	19
Morton	21	6	6	9	29	34	18
Arbroath	24	6	5	13	29	44	17
Dumbarton	23	3	8	12	27	44	14
Kilmarnock	24	4	5	15	26	54	13
Airdrieonians	22	2	5	15	21	48	9

WEST GERMANY

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Bayern Munich	**21**	**16**	**1**	**4**	**58**	**20**	**33**
Fortuna Dusseldorf	20	11	6	3	45	29	28
FC Cologne	20	10	6	4	43	28	26
Wuppertaler SV	20	9	7	4	37	22	25
MSV Duisburg	21	9	7	5	36	23	25
Bor. Moenchengladbach	21	11	3	7	51	41	25
VfB Stuttgart	21	11	1	9	42	37	23
Kickers Offenbach	21	8	6	7	38	38	22
Eintracht Frankfurt	20	9	3	8	36	31	21
Kaiserslautern	21	6	8	7	32	36	20
VfL Bochum	20	7	5	8	28	36	19
Werder Bremen	20	5	6	9	22	28	16
Hannover 96	20	6	4	10	27	40	16
Schalke 04	21	6	4	11	29	40	16
Eintracht Brunswick	21	6	4	11	20	34	16
Hertha Berlin	20	5	5	10	28	46	15
Hamburger SV	21	4	5	12	28	43	13
Rot-Weiss Oberhausen	21	4	3	14	27	53	11

ITALY

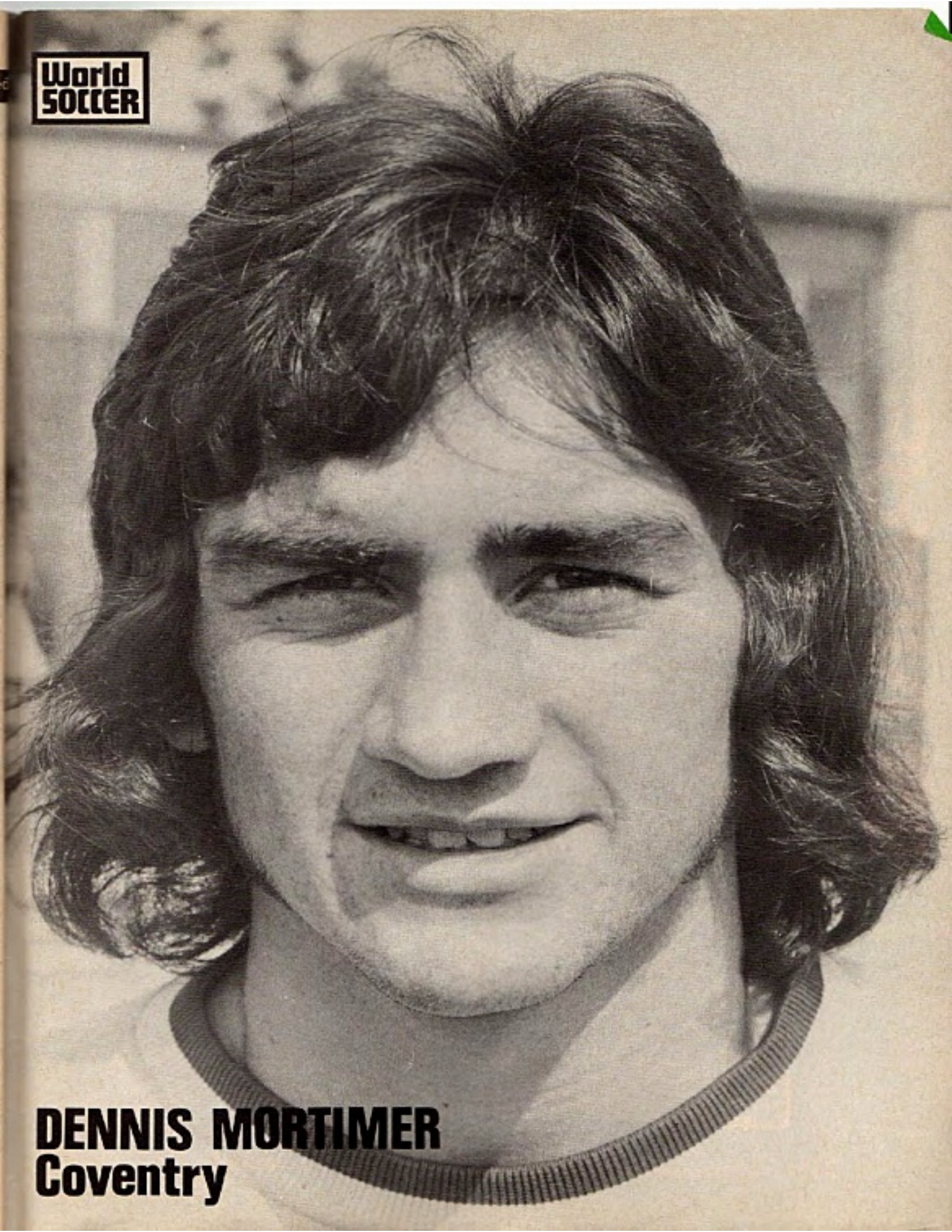
	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
AC Milan	**18**	**11**	**5**	**2**	**38**	**18**	**27**
Juventus	18	10	7	1	24	9	27
Inter-Milan	18	9	5	4	21	10	23
Lazio	18	7	9	2	18	11	23
Fiorentina	18	8	6	4	23	16	22
Cagliari	18	6	7	5	16	13	19
Bologna	18	7	4	7	14	17	18
Torino	18	6	5	7	16	13	17
Roma	18	5	6	7	18	17	16
Verona	18	3	9	6	14	18	15
Napoli	18	4	7	7	9	13	15
Atalanta	18	2	11	5	9	18	15
Vicenza	18	4	6	8	8	20	14
Sampdoria	18	2	9	7	7	15	13
Ternana	18	3	7	8	12	23	13
Palermo	18	3	5	10	6	22	11

TURKEY

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Galatasaray	**17**	**9**	**7**	**1**	**23**	**6**	**25**
Fenerbahce	17	9	5	3	26	11	23
Ankaragucu	17	8	6	3	15	9	22
Eskisehirspor	17	7	7	3	21	12	21
Genepe	17	7	6	4	19	13	20
Besiktas	17	5	10	2	8	6	20
Giresunspor	17	7	5	5	15	16	19
Altay	17	6	4	7	16	13	16
Boluspor	17	5	6	6	14	19	16
Samsunspor	17	5	6	6	15	23	16
Bursaspor	17	3	9	5	11	15	15
Mersin I.Y.	17	3	7	7	13	16	13
PTT	17	2	9	6	12	19	13
Adanaspor	17	4	4	9	11	22	12
Sekerspor	17	2	7	8	8	21	11
Vefa	17	3	4	10	11	19	10

Back Cover Picture

Featured on the back cover of this month's issue is the Spanish national team. Back row, left to right: Iribar, Jose Luis, Gallego, Tourino, Pirri, Reina. Front: Amancio, Quini, Quino, Aseni, Valdez.



DENNIS MORTIMER
Coventry

SPAIN